War with the Devil:
OR THE
Young MANS Conflict
WITH THE
Powers of Darkness:
In a Dialogue,

Discovering the Corruption and Vanity of Youth, the Horrible Nature of Sin, and Deplorable Condition of Fallen-Man.

Also, a Definition, Power, and Rule of *Conscience*, and the Nature of true *Conversion*.

To which is Added,

An Appendix, containing a *Dialogue* between an Old *Apostate*, and a Young *Professor*.

Worthy the Perusal of all; but chiefly intended for the Instruction of the Younger sort.

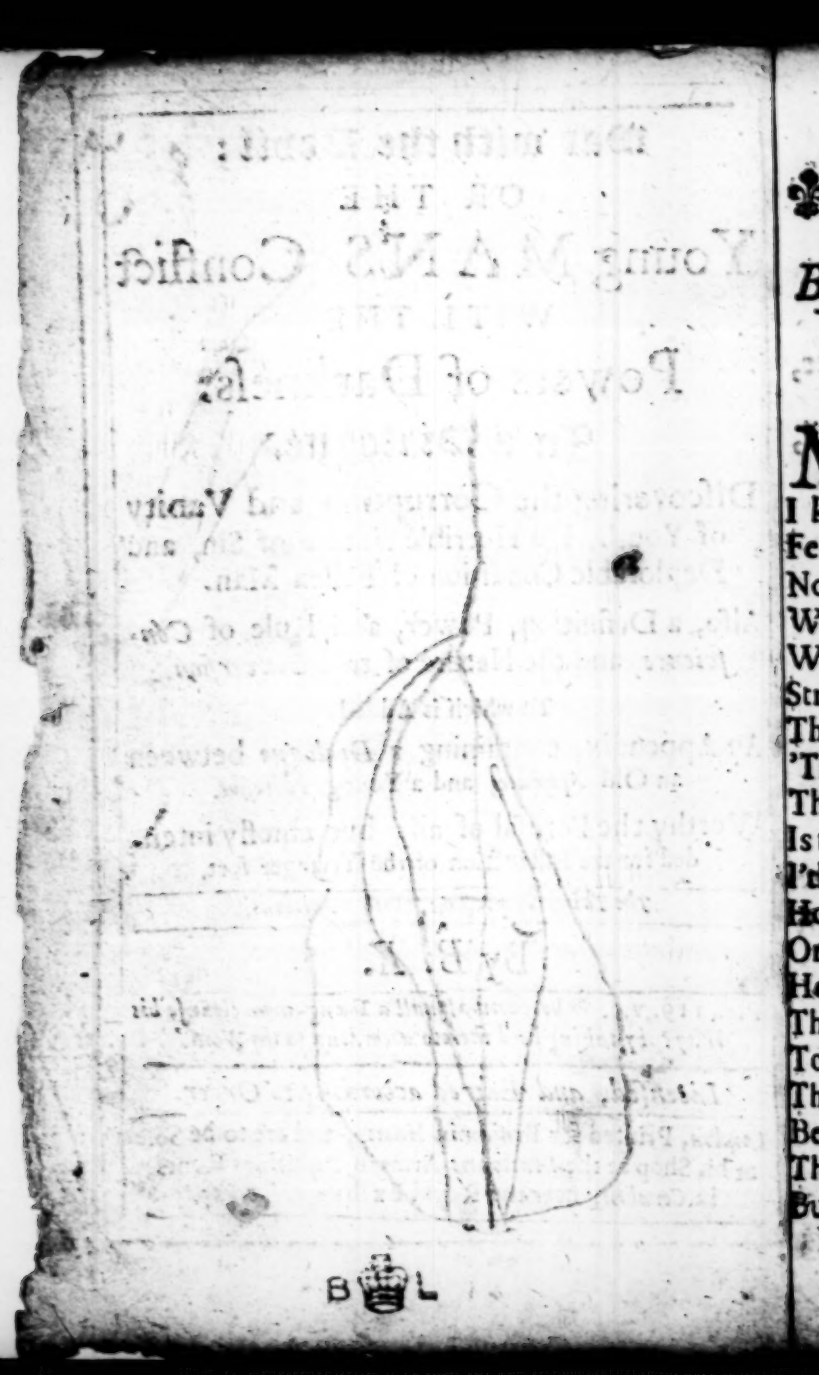
The Third Impression, with Additions.

By *B. K.*

Psal. 119. v. 9. *Wherewithal shall a Young-man cleanse his Way? by taking heed thereto according to thy Word.*

Licensed, and Entred according to Order.

London, Printed for *Benjamin Harris*, and are to be Sold at his Shop at the *Stationers* Arms in *Sweetings* Rents, in *Cornhill*, neer the Royal Exchange. 1675.



By a Friend, in Commendation of these POEMS.

MY Muſe is dull, although I have a will,
This Book for to commend, I want the skill.
I know not how it's worth for to declare,
Few *Poems* may, doubtleſs, with it compare;
Not for rare elegant Scholaſtick ſtrains,
Which flow alone from thoſe quick-witted brains;
Who with their Rhetorick, and curious Art;
Strive to affect the Fancy, not the Heart.
This *Treatiſe* read (kind Friend) and thou ſhalt ſee,
'Tis chiefly fill'd with choice Divinity.
The Author ſoars on high, his main deſign,
Is to inſtruct that precious Soul of thine.
I'th' path Coeleſtial, ſhews thee very plain;
How thou in Chriſt an Int'reſt may'ſt obtain.
Or, if in Chriſt thy Soul has got a place,
He to thy joy, ſhews forth thy happy caſe.
This *Poem*'s like a Meſſenger ſent forth,
To give a viſit to the drowzy Earth;
The ſluggiſh Soul it ſtrives for to awake,
Before it drops into the Fiery Lake.
There's very few upon the Earth do live,
But might from hence ſome benefit receive.

For though it is brought forth in this our Clime,
Yet 'twil agree with every place and time.
Its Message is of such a large extent,
It may in truth to all the World be sent.
To *Male* and *Female*, low and high degree,
He speaks a word to *bond*, as well as *free*.
All, in whom Conscience dwells, he lets them see,
Conscience's great Pow'r and Authority.
When Heavens hot thunder-bolts with fire & hail,
Made *Egypts* mighty Monarch's courage fail;
Conscience stept in, made him cry out amain,
The Lord is just: I, and my wicked train,
Have sinn'd: Yea, Conscience also brings,
Saul, Son of *Kish*, the first of *Israel's* Kings
Before th' Prophet humbly to confess,
That he had sinn'd, and acted wickedness.
Conscience made *David* to cry out amain,
'Tis I have sinn'd, I have Uriah *slain.*
Though *David* slew a Lyon, and a Bear,
And did not the great Gyants courage fear;
Yet Conscience made him stoop, and tremble too:
And more than this you'l find Conscience can do.
Here's Counsel for Professors, and Prophane,
Chuse, or refuse, here's loss, and also gain.
One Reason, *Reader*, of this Mode, or Stile,
Is, that it might with honest craft beguil,
Such curious fancies, who had rather chuse,
To read ten lines in Verse, than one in Prose.
And as the nimble Fly, that lightly springs,
Against the Flame, until she burns her wings;

Is taken Captive with that sulphurous flame,
With which she only sought to sport and game:
So whilst those curious fancies think to play,
With this small piece, 'twill secretly betray,
Them to their Conscience, and if Conscience send,
Them to God's Word, the *Author* has his end.
Provided that unto the same they yeild,
And Grace and Conscience do obtain the field.

Farewel.

W. B.

To the Reader, *in Vindication of this Book.*

ONE or two Lines to thee, I'le here commend,
This honeſt *POEM* briefly to defend,
From Calumny, becauſe that at this day,
All Poetry there's many do gain-ſay;
And very much condemn, as if the ſame,
Did worthily deſerve, reproach and blame.
If any Book in Verſe, they chance to ſpy,
Away, *Prophane*, they preſently do cry:
But though this kind of Writing, ſome diſpraiſe,
Sith Men ſo captious are, in theſe our days;
Yet I dare ſay, how e're this ſcruple roſe,
Verſe hath expreſs'd, as ſacred things as Proſe.
Though ſome there be, that Poetry abuſe,
Muſt we therefore, not the ſame method uſe?
Yes ſure, for of Conſcience it is the beſt,
And doth deſerve, more Honour than the reſt:
For 'tis no Humane knowledge, gain'd by Art,
But rather 'tis inſpir'd, into the Heart,
By Divine means, for true Divinity,
Hath with this *Science*, great Affinity:
Though ſome, through Ignorance, do it oppoſe,
Many do it eſteem, far more than Proſe:
And find alſo that unto them it bring,
Content, and hath been the delight of Kings.
David, although a King, yet was a Poet,
And *Solomon* alſo, the *Scriptures* ſhow it.
Then what if for all this ſome ſhould debaſe it,
I'me apt to think the Angels do embrace it:
And though God giv't here but in part to ſome,
Saints ſhall hav't perfect in the World to come.

E. B.

Youth in his Unconverted State.

Youth.

THE *Naturaliſts* moſt aptly do compare,
My Age unto the Spring, whoſe beauty's rare,
When Sprightly *Sol* enters the golden Sign,
Which is call'd *Aries*, his glorious ſhine,
And ſplendent Rays do cauſe the Earth to ſpring,
And Trees to bud, and quickens every thing.
All Plants and Herbs, and Flowers then do flouriſh,
The graſs doth ſprout, the tender Lambs to nouriſh;
Thoſe things in Winter that ſeem'd to be dead,
Do now riſe up, and briskly ſhew their Head:
And do obtain a Natural Reſurrection,
By his hot Beams, and powerful Reflection.
How in the pleaſant fruitful Month of *May*,
Are Meadows clad with Flowers rich and gay;
And all Earth's Globe adorn'd, in garments green,
Mix'd with rare yellow, Crown'd like to a Queen:
The Primroſe, Cowſlip, and the Violet,
Are curiouſly with other Flowers ſet.

And chirping Birds with their melodious sounds,
Delight Mans heart, whose pleasure now abounds.
The Winter's past, with stormy Snow and Rain,
And long 'twil be e're such things come again;
Nothing but joy and sweet delights appear,
Whilst doth abide the Spring-time of the year.

Thus 'tis with me, who am now in my prime,
In merriment and joy, I spend my time:
And, like as Birds do in the lovely Spring,
I so rejoice with my Consorts, and Sing;
And spend my days in sweet Pastime and mirth,
And nought shall grieve, or trouble me on Earth;
I am resolv'd to search the World about,
But I will suck the sweetness of it out.
No stone I'le leave unturn'd, that I may find,
Content, and joy, unto my craving mind:
No sorrow shall, whilst I do live, come near me;
Nor shall the Preacher with his Fancies fear me:
At Cards & Dice, and such brave Game's I'le play,
And like a Courtier, deck my self most gay;
With Periwig, and Muff, and such fine things,
With Sword and Belt, Gelosshoos and Gold-rings:
Where Bulls & Bears they bait, and Cocks do fight
I do resort with speed, There's my delight.
To drink, and sport, amongst the jovial crew,
I do resolve, whatever doth ensue;
And Court fair Ladies that I also love,
And of all things do very well approve:
Which tend my Sensual part to satisfie,
From whence comes all my choice felicity.

What e're mine Ears do hear, and Eyes behold,
Or Heart desire, if so that all my Gold,
And Silver can for me those things procure,
I'le spare no cost, nor pains, you may be sure,
Thus is my Life made very sweet to me,
Whilst others hurri'd are in misery; (main,
Whose minds with strange conceits troubled re-
Thinking by losing all, that way to gain.
Such Riddles I can't learn, I must them leave,
What's seen and felt, I am resolv'd to have;
Let ev'ry Man his mind and fancy fill,
My Lust I'le satisfie, and have my will.
Who dares controul me in my present way,
Or vex my mind i'th least, or me gain-say?
What state of Life can equal this of mine?
Youths galantry so bravely here doth shine.

Conscience.

Controul you, Sir! in truth and that dare I,
For your contempt of my Authority.
You tread on me without the least regard,
As if I worthy was not to be heard;
You strive to stifle me, and therefore I,
Am forc'd aloud, *Murder*, with speed to cry;
I can't forbear but must cry out amain,
Such is the wrong which from you I sustain.

Youth.

Youth.

What are you, Sir, you dare to be ſo bold?
I ſcorn by any He, to be controul'd.
E're I have done with you, I'le make you know,
You ſhall your Power, and Commiſſion ſhow.

Conſcience.

Be not ſo hot, and you ſhall know my Name,
And alſo learn from whence my Power came.
I'me no Uſurper, yet I do Command,
You for to ſtop, and make a preſent ſtand.
Your Pleaſures you muſt leave, and Vitious Life,
Elſe there will grow, a very bitter ſtriſe,
'Tween you and I, as will appear anon,
If from theſe Courſes you don't quickly turn.
For all your courage which you ſeem to take,
The news I bring's enough to make you quake.

Youth.

Who e're thou art, I'le make you by and by,
Confeſs you have accus'd me wrongfully.
From Murder I am cleer, in thought and deed,
Thus to be charg'd, doth cauſe my heart to bleed;

Pray

Pray let me crave your Name, if you are free,
If you provoke me, worſe 'twil quickly be;
You ſeek occaſion, and are quarelſome,
And therefore 'tis, I do ſuppoſe you'r come.
But if your Name you don't declare to me,
I am reſolv'd to be reveng'd on thee.

Conſcience.

What violence (alas!) can you do more,
Than that which you have done to me before?
Forbear your threats, be ſtill and hold your hand,
And quickly you ſhall know and underſtand,
My Name, my Power, and place of Reſidence,
Which may to you prove of great conſequence.
I am a Servant, to a Mighty King,
Who Rules, and Reigns, and Governs every thing;
Who keeps one Court above, and here below,
Another he doth keep, as you ſhall know.
O're this inferiour Court, placed am I,
To Act and do, as his great Deputy.
I truly Judge, according to my Light,
Yea, and impartially do each Man right.
Thoſe I condemn, who vile and guilty are,
And juſtifie the Holy, and Sincere.
I order'd am, to watch continually,
O're all your Actions, with a wary Eye:
And I have found how you, have of late time,
Committed many a bold, and horrid Crime,

Of

Of Murder, Treason, and like Villany,
Against the Crown, and glorious Dignity;
Of that great Prince, from whence you have your breath,
Who's King & Ruler, over all the Earth.
I am his Judge, Attourney-General,
And have Commission also, you to call,
Unto the Barr, and make you to confess,
Your horrid Crimes, and fearful guiltiness.
A black Indictment I have drawn in truth,
Against thy self thou miserable Youth;
Thy Pride I shall abate, thy Pleasures mar,
And bring thee to confess with tears at Bar:
Thy sports and Games, and youthful Lust to be,
Nought else but Sin, and cursed Vanity.
And for to put thee also out of doubt,
My Name is *Conscience*, which you bear about;
No other than th' accusing faculty,
Of that dear Soul which in thy Brest doth lye:
I by that Rule Mens thoughts and ways compare,
By which their inward parts enlightn'd are;
And as they do accord, or disagree,
I do Accuse, or Cleer immediately.
According to your Light you do not live,
But violate that Rule which God doth give,
To you, to square your Life and Actions by;
From hence comes in your woe and misery.

Youth.

Conſcience art thou! why did'ſt not ſpeak e're now?
To mind what thou doſt ſay, I can't tell how.
Thou melancholly fancy, fly from me,
My Pleaſures I'le not leave in ſpite of thee.
Other brave Gueſts, you ſee, to me are come;
And in my Houſe for thee there is no room.
Doſt think I will be check'd by ſilly thought,
And into ſnares my fooliſh fancy brought?
Is't you which cry out *Murder*, only you?
A Fig (alas!) for all that you can do.
For though againſt me you do Prate and preach,
Your very Neck I am reſolv'd to ſtretch.
I'le ſwear, carouſe, and whore, ſay what you will,
Till I have ſtifled you, and made you ſtill.
I'le clip your Wings, and make you ſee at length,
I do know how to ſpoil you of your ſtrength.
When you do ſpeak, I will not lend an ear;
I'le make (in truth) as if I did not hear.
If you ſpeak loud when I am all alone,
I will riſe up, and ſtraitway will be gone,
To the brave Boys, who toſs the Pot about;
And that's the way to wear your patience out.
I'le go to Plays, and Games, and Dancings too,
And e're a while, I ſhall be rid of you.

Con-

Conscience.

Thou stubborn foolish Youth, be not so rash,
Lest e're you be aware you feel my lash.
I have a sting, a whip, yea and can bite,
Before you shall o'recome, I'le stoutly fight:
I'le gripe you sore, and make you howl anon,
If you resolve in sin still to go on.
I have o'recome strong hearts, & made them yield,
And so shall you, before I quit the field.
Go where you will, be sure I'le soon come after,
And into sorrow, will I turn your laughter.
'Twil prove hard work for you, to shake me off,
Though you at me do seem, to jear and scoff,
As if o're you, I had no Jurisdiction,
Or was a Dream, a Fancy, or some Fiction:
For all your Wrath, I must you yet disturb,
Though you offended are, I can't but curb,
And snib you daily, as I oft have done,
Till you repent, and from lewd courses turn:
For, till the Cause be taken quite away,
Th' Effect will follow what e're you do or say:
Unless your Light wholly extinguish'd be,
If sin remains, disturbance you will see.
Therefore I do beseech you soberly,
For to submit to my Authority;
Obey my Voice, I prethee make a tryal,
Before you give another flat denyal.
If more sweet comfort I don't yield to you,
Than all which doth from sinful actions flow.

Then

Then me reject; but otherwiſe, my Friend,
My Checks receive, and to my Motions bend.
Get Peace within whatever thou doſt do,
And let vain Pleaſures and Corruptions go;
That will be better for thy Soul at laſt,
Than Gold or Silver, or what elſe thou haſt.
And ſince we are alone, let thee and I,
More mildly talk about Supremacy.
Is't beſt for you that Pride and Folley reign,
Which nought doth bring ſave ſorrow, ſhame and pain,
And Conſcience to reject, who perfectly,
From guilt and bondage ſtrives to ſet you free?
Have not theſe Luſts by which thou now art led,
Brought many Men unto a piece of Bread?
What brave Eſtates have ſome conſum'd thereby,
And now are forc'd in Barns on Straw to lye?
How has the Wife been ruin'd with the Child,
Beſides poor Conſcience grievouſly turmoyl'd?
Nay, once again, give ear, I prethee hark;
Han't many a brave and curious Spark,
Been brought in ſtinking Priſons there to lye,
For yielding to their Luſt and Vanity?
How many ſwing at *Tyburn* every year,
For ſtabbing Conſcience without care or fear?
And ſome alſo out of their Wits do run,
And by that means are utterly undone:
Somtimes Men ſtifle me, I cannot ſpeak,
And then they ſport and play, and merry make;
Reſolving that I ſhall not gripe them more,
But quickly then afreſh I make them roar.

Some

Some of them I do drive into despair,
When in their face I do begin to stare;
No rest nor peace at all, their Souls can find,
I so disturb, and still perplex their mind.
What say you now, young-man, will you submit?
Weigh well the danger, and the benefit.
The danger on the one hand, will be great,
If me you do oppose, and ill intreat.
Sweet profit comes, you see, on th' other hand,
To such who subject are to my Command.
What dost thou say, shall I embraced be?
Or, wilt thou follow still thy Vanity?

Youth.

Was ever young-man thus perplex'd as I,
Who flourished in sweet prosperity?
Where e're I go, *Conscience* dogs me about,
No quiet I can have, in doors, nor out.
Conscience, what is the cause you make such strife,
I can't enjoy the comforts of my Life?
I am so grip'd, and pinched in my brest,
I know not where to go, nor where to rest.

Conscience.

'Cause you have wronged, and offended me,
Loving vain Pleasures, and Iniquity.
The Light you have, you walk not up unto,
You know 'tis evil, which you daily do.
My witness I must bear continually,
For the great God, whose glorious Majesty,

Did

Did in thy Soul give me ſo high a place,
As for to ſtop you in your ſinful race;
I muſt reprove, accuſe, and you condemn,
Whilſt you by ſin, His Sov'raignty contemn:
I can't betray my truſt, nor hold my peace,
Till I am ſtobbed, ſear'd, or Light doth ceaſe;
Till you your life amend, and ſins forſake,
I ſhall purſue you, though your heart doth ake.

Mouth.

How bold and malipert is *Conſcience* grown,
Though I upon this Fellow daily frown;
And his Advice reject, yet ſtill doth he,
Knock at my Door, as if he'd weary me.
Conſcience I'le have you know in truth that I,
A Perſon am of ſome Authority:
Are you ſo ſaucy as to curb and chide,
Such a brave Spark, who can't your ways abide?
Tis much below my Birth and Parentage,
As it agrees not with my preſent Age;
For to give place to you, or to regard,
Thoſe things from you, I have ſo often heard.

Conſcience.

Alas, Proud fleſh, doſt think thy ſelf too high,
To be ſubject, to ſuch a one as I?
Thy betters I continually gain-ſay,
If they my Motions don't with care obey.
My Power's great, and my Commiſſion large,
There's ſcarce a Man, but I with folley charge.

The King and Peaſant are alike to me,
I favour none of high or low degree:
If they offend, I in their faces fly,
Without regard or fear of ſtanders-by.

Youth.

Speak not another word, don't you perceive
There's ſcarce a Man or Woman will believe
What you do ſay, you'r grown ſo out of date,
Be ſilent then and longer do not prate.
I'th' Country your credit is but ſmall,
There's few care for your company at all:
The Husband-man the Land-mark can't remove,
But you ſtraitway him bitterly reprove:
Nor Plow a little of his Neighbours Land,
But you command him preſently to ſtand.
There's not a Man can go i'th' leaſt awry,
But out againſt him fiercely you do fly.
The People therefore now ſo weary are,
They've thruſt you out almoſt of ev'ry Shire;
And in the City you ſo hated be,
There's very few do care a ruſh for thee:
For if they ſhould believe what you do ſay,
Their Pride and Bravery would ſoon decay,
Their ſwearing, cheating, and their drunkenneſs
Would vaniſh quite away, or grow much leſs.
Our craft of Profit and our Pleaſure too,
Would ſoon go down, and ruin'd be by you.
The Whores and Bawds, with the Play-houſes then
Would be contemned by all ſorts of Men.

You

You ſtrive to ſpoil us of our ſweet delight;
Our Pleaſures you oppoſe with all your might.
The Fabrick of our Joy you would pull down,
And make our Youth juſt like a Country Clown:
We half Phanaticks ſhould be made ('tis clear)
If unto thee we once inclined were.
But this amongſt the reſt doth chear my heart,
There's very few in *London* take thy part.
Here and there one, which we nick-names do give,
Who hated are, and judg'd not fit to live.
'Tis out of faſhion grown, I daily ſee,
Conſcience for to regard i'th' leaſt degree.
He that can't whore and ſwear without controul,
We do account to be a timerous Fool.
Therefore though you ſo deſperately do fall
Upon poor me, yet I do hope I ſhall
Get looſe from you, and then I'le tear the ground,
And in all joy and pleaſure will abound.

Conſcience.

Ah! poor deceivved Soul! doſt thou not know,
That moſt of all Mankind i'th' broad-way go?
What though they do moſt wickedly abuſe me?
Wilt thou alſo in the like manner uſe me?
What though they will of me no warning take,
All they drop down into the *Stygian* Lake?
Wilt thou be-friend the curſed Serpent ſo,
To go on till comes thy overthrow?
What though I am in no requeſt by them?
Don't they likewiſe God's holy Word contemn?

Don't they the Gospel cast quite out of sight,
Lest from their Pleasures it should them affright?
What though my friends are tost about and hurl'd,
Their inward peace is more than all the World
Can give to them, or from them take away,
Whilst they with diligence do me obey;
As I enlightned am by God's Precepts,
Which are a guide, and Lanthorn to my steps.
O come proud heart, and longer don't contend,
But leave thy Lust, and to my Scepter bend:
For I'le not leave thee, but with all my pow'r,
I'le follow thee, unto thy dying hour.

Youth.

Into some private place then I will fly,
Where I may hide my self, and secretly,
There I'le enjoy my self in spight of thee;
And thou shalt not i'th least know where I be.

Conscience.

Nay, foolish Youth, how can that thing be done
From *Conscience* it is in vain to run;
No secret place can you find out or spy,
To hide your self from me, such is mine Eye;
I see i'th Dark, as well as in the Light,
No Doors nor Walls, will keep thee from my sight
Where e're thou art, or go'st, am I not near,
Thy Soul with horrid guilt, to scare and fear?
Could *Cain*, or *Judas*, get out of my reach,
When once between us, there was the like breach

Did I not follow them unto the end,
And made them know what 'twas for to offend
My glorious Prince, and me his true Viceroy?
Vengeance doth follow them who US annoy.
My Counſel then I prethee take with ſpeed,
For that's the way alone for to be freed,
From Vengeance here, and Wrath alſo to come,
When thou doſt dye, and at the day of Doom.

Youth.

What! can't I fly from thee, nor thee ſubdue?
Then I intreat thee, *Conſcience*, don't purſue,
Nor follow me ſo cloſe, forbear a while,
Don't yet my Beauty, nor my Pleaſures ſpoil.
This is my Spring, and Flower of my Age,
Oh! pitty me, and ceaſe thy bitter rage:
Don't crop the tender bud, it is too green;
Oh! let me have thoſe days others have ſeen.
Forbear thy hand, till my wild Oats are ſown;
They muſt be ripe alſo before they'r mown.
Thou haſt forborn with ſome for a long time,
That which I ask of thee is but the prime,
Of thoſe good days which God beſtows on me,
Oh! that it might but once obtained be!
'Tis time enough for to adhere to thee,
After I've ſpent my time in Gallantry;
In earths ſweet joys, & ſuch tranſcendent pleaſures
Which young-men do eſteem the chiefeſt treaſures.

Conſcience.

After all violence and outrage great
Done to poor *Conſcience*, do you now intreat;
Thinking for to prevail by flattery,
But that in truth I utterly defy;
'Tis quite againſt my Nature, you muſt know,
Unto vile Luſt fond pity for to ſhow;
God has not given ſuch a diſpenſation,
For me to wink at your abomination:
If God doth once but blow your Candle out,
I ſhall be quiet then you need not doubt;
(But woe to you as ever you were born,
If God doth once his Light to Darkneſs turn.)
But while in you remains that legal Light,
Your Sins I can't endure in my ſight.
No liberty God, I am ſure, will give,
To any one, in horrid ſin to live;
Nor will he give allowance for a day:
'Tis very dangerous for to delay
The work of thy Repentance for an hour.
What thy hand finds to do, do with thy pow'r.
If me you don't believe, I prethee, Youth,
For to reſolve thy ſelf, go to God's Truth.

Youth.

Well! ſince that you no comfort do afford,
I will enquire of God's moſt Holy Word:
So far I will your Counſel take, for I
Am ſorely troubled, whither ſhall I fly?

I will make tryal, I resolve to see,
Whether the *Truth* and *Conscience* do agree.
The lip of *Truth* can't lye, though *Conscience* may:
When that misguided is, it leads astray.
If *Truth* and *Conscience* speak the self-same thing,
'Twill some amazement to my Spirit bring.
That now I ask for, and earnestly crave,
Is some short time in sin longer to have.
Conscience denies it me: *Truth*, what say you?
Oh! that you would a little favour shew
To a poor Lad, alas! I am but young,
Like to a Flower which is lately sprung
Out of the ground, and *Conscience* day and night,
Strives for to tread me down with all his might:
Or, as the Frost the tender bud doth spoil,
So has he striven to do a great while.
Must I reform, and all my sins forsake?
Some fitter season then O let me take.
For all things there's a time under the Sun,
And when I older am, I will return.

Truth.

Nay, hold, vain *Youth*, you are mistaken now,
No time to sin, God doth to thee allow,
If I may speak, attend, and you shall hear,
I with poor *Conscience*, must my witness bear;
I am his guide, his rule, 'tis by my Light
He acts and does, and speaks the thing that's right.
You are undone, if you don't speedily
Leave all your sins, and cursed vanity.

Art thou too young thy evil ways to leave,
And yet haſt thou a pretious Soul to ſave?
Art thou too young to leave Iniquity,
When old enough in Hell for ſin to lye?
Some fitter ſeaſon (Youth) doſt think to find?
The Devil doth dart that into thy mind.
No time ſo fit, as when the Lord doth call;
Thoſe who rebellious are, they one day ſhall,
Smart bitterly for their moſt horrid evil,
In yielding to, and ſiding with the Devil.
But once again, I prethee heark to me;
Don't God, whilſt thou art young, call unto thee?
Remember thy Creator therefore now,
And unto him with ſpeed ſee you do bow.
The firſt ripe Fruit of old, God did deſire:
And ſo of thee likewiſe he doth require,
That thou to him a Sacrifice ſhould'ſt give,
Of thy beſt days, and learn betimes to live,
Unto the praiſe of his moſt Holy Name;
And not by ſin ſo to prophane the ſame.
This is (Young-man) alſo thy chooſing time,
Whilſt thou therefore doſt flouriſh in thy prime,
Place thou thy heart upon the Lord above;
And with Chriſt Jeſus alſo fall in love.
Did not *Jehovah* give to thee thy breath,
And alſo place thee here upon the Earth;
And many pretious bleſſings give to thee,
That thou to him alone ſhould'ſt ſubject be?
God out of Bowels ſent his pretious Son,
Thy Soul from evil ways with ſpeed to turn;

Who

Who for thy ſake was nailed to the Tree,
To free thy Soul from Hell and miſery.
And whilſt in ſin (vile wretch) thou doſt remain,
Thou doſt as 'twere him Crucifie again:
Thy ſins alſo (O Young-man) God doth hate,
His Soul doth loath, and them abominate.
Naught is more odious in his bleſſed ſight,
Than thoſe baſe Luſts in which thou tak'ſt delight.
And wilt thou not O Young-man! be deterr'd
From thy vain ways? what, is thy heart ſo hard!
Shall nothing move thy Soul for to repent,
Nor work Convictions in thee to relent?
Give ear to *Truth*, Truth never ſpoke a Lye,
And fly from Sin and youthful Vanity.
Thoſe that do ſeek God's Kingdom firſt of all,
And do obey God's ſweet and gratious Call;
They ſhall find Chriſt, and ly too in his breaſt,
And reap the comfort of Internal reſt.
But if thou ſhould'ſt this golden time neglect,
And all good motions utterly reject,
And ſlight the day of this thy Viſitation;
That will to God be ſuch a Provocation,
That he'l not wait upon thee any more,
Nor never knock hereafter at thy door.
Whilſt tearms of Peace God doth therefore afford,
Subject to him, leſt he doth draw his Sword.
If once to anger him you do provoke,
He'l break your bones, and wound you with his ſtroke:
Who can before his indignation ſtand,
Or, bear the weight of his revengeful hand?

How

How dareſt thou a War with him maintain,
And ſay o're thee Chriſt Jeſus ſhall not Reign?
Wilt thou combine with his vile Enemy,
And yet preſume on his ſweet clemency?
Wilt thou, vile Traytor like, contrive the death
Of that great King, from whom thou haſt thy breath,
Wilt thou caſt dirt upon the Holy One,
And keep Chriſt Jeſus from his rightly Throne?
Is't not his right thy Conſcience for to ſway?
Ought he not there to Reign, and thou Obey?
Dar'ſt thou reſiſt his dread and Soveraign Pow'r?
Yea, or hold parley with him for an hour,
To gratifie the Devl, who thereby
Renews his ſtrength, yea and doth fortifie
Himſelf in thee, and makes his Kingdom ſtrong,
By tempting thee to ſin whilſt thou art young?
The Blackamoor as ſoon may change his skin,
As thou may'ſt leave and turn away from ſin,
When once a habit and a cuſtome's tak'n,
Then ſinful ways are hard to be forſak'n.
Dar'ſt thou, vile wretch, Chriſt's Government oppoſe,
And with the *Devil* and corruptirn cloſe? (poſe,
Had'ſt rather that the Devil reign o're thee,
Than unto God Almighty ſubject be?
Which will be beſt, doſt think for thee i'th' end,
The Lord to pleaſe, and Satan to offend?
Or Satan for to pleaſe, and ſo thereby,
Declare thy ſelf *JEHOVAH'S* Enemy?
For thoſe who live in ſin, 'tis very clear,
They Enemies to *GOD* and *Jeſus* are.

And

And wilt thou yield unto the Devil ſtill,
And greedily alſo his will fulfil?
Doſt think, *vain youth*, he'l prove to thee a friend,
That thou doſt ſo his curſed ways commend?
Has Sin, which is his odious excrement,
So ſweet a ſmell, yea and a fragrant ſcent?
Shall that which is the ſuperfluity
Of naughtineſs, be precious in thine eye?
And doſt thou value Chriſt and all he hath,
Not worth vain pleaſures here upon the Earth
Shall he eſteemed be by thee (vile duſt!)
Not worth the pleaſures of a curſed Luſt?
Is there more good in ſinful Vanity,
Than is in all the glorious Trinity?
That which Men think is beſt, that will they chuſe,
Things of ſmall value 'tis they do refuſe.
What thoughts haſt thou of Chriſt then, ſinful Soul,
That thou his Meſſengers doſt thus controul
And doſt to him alſo turn a deaf ear,
His knocks, his calls, and wooings wilt not hear;
Nor him regard, though he ſtands at thy door
With Myrrh and Frankinſcenſe, yea and all ſtore
Of rare Fruit, and chief Spice, as *Cinnamon*, *Aloes*, *Spikenard*, *Camphire* and *Saffron*;
All pretious things (poor Soul!) of Heaven above
He has with him, yet nothing will thee move
To ope the door: for all his calls and knocks,
Thou let's him ſtand until his pretious locks
Are wet with dew, and drops of the long night.
Thus thou doſt him deſpiſe, reject and ſlight,

And

And rather keep'ſt thy Luſt and Pleaſure ſtill,
Than that Chriſt ſhould thy Soul with Heaven fill.
Though he ten thouſand Worlds doth yet excell,
And makes that heart where he in truth doth dwell
To be a Heaven here upon the Earth,
Filling the Soul with pretious joy and mirth;
Which makes gray-headed Winter like a Spring,
And Youths like to Cœleſtial Angels ſing;
The Soul he doth ſo greatly elevate,
That it diſdains and doth abominate
All ſenſual pleaſures in compariſon
Of Jeſus Chriſt his dear and only One.
Let me perſwade thee, for to taſt and try,
How good Chriſt is, for then aſſuredly,
Thou wilt admire him, yea, and praiſe the Lord
That ever he did to thy Soul afford,
Such a dear Saviour, and ſuch good Advice,
To lead thy Soul into ſweet Paradice.
For none do know the nature of that Peace,
That inward joy the which ſhall never ceaſe,
But he himſelf who doth the ſame poſſeſs:
Oh! taſt and ſee, for then you will confeſs,
No Pen can it expreſs, no Tongue declare,
It's Nature's ſuch (Oh Young-man!) 'tis ſo rare,
Chriſt is the *Summum bonum*, it is He,
In whom alone is true felicity.
Such is the Nature of Man's panting breaſt,
There's nought on Earth can give him perfect reſt.
'Tis not in Honour, that is Vanity:
For ſuch, like Beaſt's, and other Mortals, dye.

King-

Kingdoms and Crowns they tottering do ſtand,
The Servant may the Maſter ſoon Command.
Belſhazzar, who upon the Throne did ſit,
His Knees againſt each other ſoon did hit.
How was he ſcar'd when the hand-writing came,
And wrote upon the Wall, ev'n the ſame
That afterwards befell, his End being come,
Then ſtraitway followed his final Doom.
Great Men oft-times are filled with great fear,
Being perplext they know not how to ſtear.
Tall Cedars fall, when little ſhrubs abide, (Tide.
Though Winds do blow, and ſtrangely turn the
For Man in Honour lives but a ſhort ſpace,
He dyes like to the Beaſts, ſo ends his race.
Where's *Nimrod* now, that mighty Man of old,
And where's the Glory of the Head of Gold?
Great Monarchs now are moulder'd quite away,
Who did on Earth the golden Scepter ſway,
In higheſt place of Humane Government:
None ever found therein ſolid content.
Of *Alexander* 'tis declar'd by ſome,
How he ſate down when he had overcome
The Eaſtern World, and did weep very ſore,
Becauſe there was one World, and was no more
For him to Conquer. Thus alſo 'tis ſtill,
This World's not big enough Man's Soul to fill.
Riches and Wealth alſo can't ſatisfie,
That pretious Soul which in thy breaſt doth lye.
If ſtore of Gold and Silver thou ſhould'ſt gain,
'Twould but increaſe thy ſorrow, grief and pain.

Riches

Riches, O Young-man, they are empty things,
And fly most swift away with Eagles wings. (row,
When riches thou dost heap, thou heap'st up sor-
They'r thine to day, alas! but gone to morrow.
Fires may come, and all thy Treasures burn,
Or Theeves steal it, as they have often done.
He that has thousands by the Year, this night
May be as poor as *Job* before 'tis light.
And as for Pleasure which thy Age doth prize,
Why should that seem so lovely in thine eyes?
'Tis but a moment they with thee will last;
And sadness comes also when they are past.
The Brute his pleasures hath as well as thee,
Man's chiefest good therefore can't pleasures be.
And whilst thou striv'st thy evil Lust to please,
Thy raging Conscience (Youth) who shall appease?
With this sweet Meat I tell thee also Friend,
Thou shalt have sour sauce besure i'th' end.
And as for Beauty, that also is vain,
Unless thou can'st the inward Beauty gain.
What's outward Beauty save an evil snare:
By which vain ones oft-times deceived are:
And on a sudden draw into temptation,
For to commit most vile abomination.
That Beauty which Man's carnal heart doth prize,
Renders not lovely in *Jehovah*'s eyes:
Though deck'd with jewels, rings, & brave attire,
The glorious King their Beauty don't desire;
His heart's not taken with't, but contrar'wise
The Beauty of vain ones he doth despise,

Though

Though very fair, yet if defil'd with sin,
They like unto Sepulchres are within;
Loathsome and vile i'th sight of God are they,
And soon their seeming Beauty will decay.
It fades and withers, and away doth pass,
Just like unto the flower of the grass.
The curled Locks, yea and the spotted Face,
God e're a while will bring into disgrace.
Those Ladies which excel all others do,
Must feed the worms within a day or two,
Death and the grave will spoil their beauty quite,
And none in them shall never more delight.
As for thy Age in youthful days we see,
Youth minds nought else save cursed vanity.
Soon may thy Spring also meet with a blast,
And all thy glory not an hour last.
The flower in the Spring which is so gay,
Soon doth it fade and wither quite away.
Nothing on earth canst thou find out or spy,
That will content thee long, or satisfie
That Soul of thine, if still you search about
Till you do find the rarest Science out.
For if on Learning once you place your mind,
Much vanity in that also you'l find.
For Humane Knowledge and Philosophy,
Can't bring thy Soul into sweet Unity
With God above, and Jesus Christ his Son,
In whom, poor Youth, is hapiness alone.
Dote not on Honour then, nor yet Treasure,
Nor Beauty, Learning, Youth, nor Pleasure;

All

All is but Vanity that's here below,
Truth and Experience both the same do show.
Come, look to Heav'n, seek thou for higher joys,
Let Swine take Husks, & Fools these empty toys.
Come taste of Christ, poor Soul, and then you will,
Of joys Celestial receive your fill.
If thou dost drink but of the Crystial Springs;
These outward joys thou't see are striking things.
If Heavens sweetness once thou hadst but caught,
Thou wouldst account Earth's best enjoyments naught.
Honor & riches to Christ has great store
And at's *Right hand pleasures for evermore.*
Dost think that he who makes Man's life so sweet,
Whilst he with grievous troubles here doth meet,
And in believing hath such sweetness placed,
Thou his own Image greatly is defaced,
Can't give to him much greater Consolation,
When all the sowr's vanisht of Temptation.
If with the bitter, Saints such sweetness gain,
What shall they have when they in Glory reign?

Youth.

Be silent *Truth*, leave off, for I can't bear,
Your whyning strains, nor will I longer hear,
Such melancholy whymsies, they're such stuff,
Which suits not with my Age: I have enough,
Of it already, and also of you,
Sith ye my interests strive to overthrow.
When I Appeal'd to you, I was perplext,
And with sad melancholy sorely vext:

But

But since I do perceive the Storm is o're,
You I don't think to trouble any more.
Long-winded-Sermons, Sir, I do not love,
Nor of your Doctrine in the least approve.
No liberty to me I see you'll give,
In sweet delights and pleasures for to live.
I don't intend Phanatick yet to turn,
Nor after such dirstacted People run.
An easier way to Heaven I do know,
And therefore, Sir, Farewel, farewel to you.
My Pride, my Sports, and my old Company
I will enjoy, and all my bravery
I will hold fast, yea, wantonly fulfil
My fleshy mind, say Preachers what they will

Conscience.

Ah Youth, ah Youth, is't so in very deed!
Wilt thou no more unto God's truth give heed.
'Twas but my mouth to stop, I now do find
That unto Truth you seemingly inclin'd.
But this, O Soul, I must assure to thee,
What thou hast heard, has much enlightned me.
And my Commission too it doth renew,
As will appear by what doth next ensue:
Have you from God been called thus upon,
And shall your heart be harden'd like a stone.
You can't plead ignorance, Oh Youth, 'tis so,
You plainly now have heard what you should do.
Your sin will be with grievous Aggravation,
If quickly you don't make a Recantation.

Your sin will now be of a scarlet-dye,
And many stripes prepared I espy,
With which you must be beat; because that you
Your Master's Will so perfectly do know,
But for to do the same you still refuse,
And your poor Conscience wickedly abuse,
You'l shew your self a cursed Rebel now,
If unto Christ with speed you do not bow.
Wilt thou thy sins retain, when thou dost hear
How much against the Living God they are,
Wilt thou cast dirt into his blessed face,
Oh! tremble Soul, and dread thy present case.

Youth.

Now my good days, I see they will be gone,
My inward thoughts will ne're let me alone.
Ah! that I could but sin without controul,
And Conscience would no more disturb my Soul?
His bitter gripes much longer I can't bear,
He's grown so strong, that little hope is there;
But he'l prevail; such conflicts do I feel,
My Courage now and Resolutions reel;
But yet I am resolv'd once more to try,
And struggle will to get the mastery,
I cowardly will not acquit the Field,
Nor at the second summons will I yield.
I'le make once more another stout assay,
E're unto Conscience I will yield the day:
Ah! how can I my sweet delights forsake,
Without resistance to the last I make?

Con-

Conscience, although I sinful am, I see
There's many thousand sinners worse than me:
There's none can live and from all sin be clear,
That I from *Truth* did very lately hear.
My heart is good, though it is true, that I
Am over-come through humane frailty.

Conscience.

O cursed wretch! dar'st thou thy heart commend?
Come tremble Soul, and it to pieces rend.
Don't I most clearly in thy heart behold
Most horrid lust, 'twould shame thee were it told?
All rottenness and filth I do espy
In that base heart of thine, to lurk and lie.
There Vipers breed and many a Cockatrice;
The spawn of every Sin and evil Vice.
Like a Sepulchre, Soul, thou art within,
Nought's there but stink and putrifying sin.
Out from thy heart all evil doth ascend,
And yet wilt thou thy filthy heart commend?
And dost thou think thy state good for to be,
'Cause thou dost find many as bad as thee?
You are so nought, If you from sin don't turn,
You must for sin in Hell for ever burn.
Except ye do repent, *Truth* tells you plain,
You perish must, in everlasting pain.

Youth.

Well, say no more, if this be so, I must
Go unto *Truth* again, or I shall burst;

My heart will break I clearly do discern,
I therefore now must yield, and also learn
What's my Estate, my Nature, Oh! that I'd know.
Come, *Truth*, I pray will you this favour shew,
As to explain this thing to me more clear,
For *Conscience* doth my Soul with horrour scare.
Is he i'th' right, Oh *Truth!* or is he wrong?
I find Convictions in me very strong.
What is my state? declare it unto me,
And set my troubled Soul at liberty.

Truth.

What *Conscience* speaks, O young-man, is most right,
And vain it is with him longer to fight:
Conscience against thee doth his witness bear,
And dreadful danger also doth declare.
Those he condemns by Light receiv'd from me,
Th' Eternal God condems assuredlie.
And God is greater than thy Heart, Oh Soul!
Who can enough thy grievous state condole?
If *Conscience* doth its Testimony give,
That you in sin and cursed ways do live,
And that thou art an unconverted wretch:
If 'tis from hence, between you there's a breach,
And this be so as it you can't deny,
What would you do if you this night should dye?
If in this state this life you do depart,
Undone for evermore, Young-man thou art,
As sure as is the mighty God in Heaven,
Against thy Soul the Sentence will be given.

Con-

Conscience his Power did from God receive;
And if you don't obey and him believe,
But do reject his Motions, 'tis all one
As if Christ Jesus you did tread upon:
Whilst he doth Rule by Laws that are Divine,
'Tis Treason him to stob or undermine.
And once again to shew thee thy estate,
Thou being, Young man, not regenerate,
No God nor Christ have you, 'tis even so,
And this indeed's the sum of all your wo.
In God no Interest (Youth) hast thou at all,
He's quite departed ever since the Fall.
And is become thy dreadful Enemy,
His angry face is set most vehemently
Against thy Soul, and that's a fearful thing,
Enough thy Pride with Vengeance down to bring.
Each Attribute against thy Soul is set,
And all of them also together met;
To make thee every way most miserable,
Which wrath for to withstand, what man is able?
He'l suddenly thy Soul to pieces tear,
And his eternal Vengeance make thee bear:
His wrath it will upon thy Soul remain,
Till you by Faith are truly born again.

Youth.

This Doctrine which to me you do declare,
It is enough to drive one to despair;
If it be so, I grant I am undone,
But God is gracious and has sent his Son:

He's full of bowels, therefore hope do I;
He'l not on me his Justice magnifie.

Truth.

'Tis true God's gracious, yet he will not clear
Those guilty Souls who don't this Justice fear:
He's very gracious, yet he's full of ire,
And is to such like a consuming fire.
He sent his Son, 'tis true, for Souls to dy,
But many miss and falsely do apply
His precious blood; therefore my Counsel take,
Don't you so soon an Application make
Of Gods sweet Grace, nor yet of Christ's dear Blood,
Until by you the Gospel's understood.
Those who are whole need no Physician have,
The sick and wounded Soul Christ came to save.
What dost thou judg thy present state to be,
How do's it stand, and is it now with thee?

Youth.

I am a Sinner, and my heart doth bleed,
My sin-sick-Soul doth a sweet Saviour need,
My Conscience tells me that I am most vile,
And grievously for sin doth me turmoile.

Truth.

No Saviour you can have unless you do,
Resolve to leave your sins, and let them go:
Nor for your Wounds is there a help be sure,
Till Causes be removed which do procure,

And bring on you that pain and bitter smart
Which you cry out of in your inward part.

Youth.

My trembling Soul's amaz'd and fill'd with fear,
Another way, Oh *Truth*! thy course I'le steer;
I must forsake all evil ways, for I
Do see the danger and the misery
Which doth attend the way that I am in,
Whilst I do keep and hug my cursed Sin.
There's scarce a night which passeth o're my head,
But dread I do the making of my Bed;
(E're Morning comes) in the sad depths of Hell.
My Conscience therefore now does me compell,
To bid adieu to all sweet joy and pleasure,
To lies and fraud and all unlawful treasure.
In sports and games I'le take no more delight,
But contrariwise I'le pray both day and night.
Conscience has overcome me with his gripes,
Truth follows him so with his threatn'd stripes.
The Wall's broke down, the old man runs away,
And *Conscience* follows close to cut and slay;
And threatens too no Quarter he will give,
And seems before him every thing to drive.
Lust forced is in corners now to fly,
Where it doth hide it self most secretly,
And watcheth also, thinking for to get
An opportunity once more to set
And fall on *Conscience*, which it doth disdain
'Cause *Conscience* says Corruption must be slain.

I side with him because I would have peace.
But still 'tis doubtful when these Wars will cease.

Devil.

What pity is't thy Sun should set so soon,
Or should be clouded ere it noon?
No sooner risen in thy Horizon,
And sweetly shines, but presently is gone.
Shall Winter come before the Spring 'tis past,
And all its fruit be spoil'd with one sad blast?
Shall that brave flower which doth seem so gay,
So quickly fade and wither quite away?
What pitty 'tis that one so young as thee
Should thus be brought into Captivity.
Hark not to Conscience, *for I dare maintain;*
'Tis better far to hug thy sins again.
Thy Conscience, Youth, thou hast too lately found,
Doth but amaze and give thy Soul a wound.
Consider well, advise, and thou shalt see,
My ways are best, come hearken unto me.
I'le give thee Honour, Pleasure, Wealth, and things
Which prized are by noble men and Kings.
Let not this Make-bate with one angry frown,
Throw all thy Glory and thy Pleasures down.
Let not strange thoughts distress thy troubled mind,
What satisfaction canst thou have or find,
But that which cometh from this World alone,
'Tis I must raise thee to the sublime throne.
The Hell thou fearest, may be but a story,
And Heaven also but a feigned Glory.

If this don't startle thee, then speedily
I will stir up some other Enemy.
Old-man rouze up, I charge you to awake
And swiftly too, your life lies at the stake.
And Mistris Heart, *stir up your wilful Will.*
Is this a season for him to sit still!
If unto Truth *and* Conscience *he gives place.*
Our Intrest will you'l see go down apace.
Jugment is gone already and doth yield,
And Courage too I fear will quit the field.
Some sins are slain, and in their Blood do ly,
And others into Holes are forc'd to fly.
As for Affection he doth hold his his own,
Though Conscience *doth upon him sadly frown:*
Remembrance will unto him tray'trous prove,
If I his thoughts from Sermons can remove.
I'le make his Mind run after things below,
And raise up trouble which he did not know.
And he'l forget what he did lately hear,
And cease will then his former thoughts and fear.
If I can please his sensual appetite,
There is no fear of any sudden flight;
His breast is Tinder, apt to entertain
The sparks of Lust which long he can't restrain.
I'le blow them up and kindle them anew,
And to Convictions soon he'l bid adieu.
New objects I'le present unto his sight,
In which 'am sure he can't but take delight.
I have such hold of him, there is no doubt
But I once more shall turn him quite about:

His

His old Companions *also I'le provoke,*
At's door ag ain to give another knock;
Their strong inticements hardly he'll withstand,
They can (you'll see) his Spirit soon command.

Youth's old Companions.

How do you, Sir? what is the cause that we
Can't here of late injoy your Company?
It seems to us as if you were grown strange,
As if in Youth there were some sudden change.

Youth.

I have not had the opportunity,
Besides on me there do's some burden lie,
Which doth press down my Spirits very sore,
And makes me seldom to go forth o'th door.

Companions.

I warran't you, Sirs, 'tis sin afflicts his Soul,
And he's just going now for to turn fool.
Come, come away, to Age such grief belongs,
To Youth, brave mirth and sweet melodious songs.
Come drive these thoughts away with Pipe & Pot.
Sing and Carouse till they are quite forgot.
The lovely strains of the well-tuned Lute,
Where Playes they act, do with our Nature sute.
Come, go with us upon a brave Design,
The which will chear that drooping heart of thine.
Come generous Soul, let thy ambitious eye;
Such foolish fancies and vain dreams defie.

Shall

Shall thy Heroick Spirit thus give place,
To silly dotage to thy great disgrace?

Vicinus.

The young-man yields, being possess'd with fears,
They would reproach him else with scoffs and jears,
But afterwards his head begins to ake,
And *Conscience* then afresh begins to wake,
And stings him after such a bitter sort,
It puts a period to his jovial sport.
The thoughts of death, which sickness doth pre-sage
Doth trouble him, he cannot bear the rage,
And inward gripes of his inlighten'd breast,
And therefore now again he thinks 'tis best
To hearken to *Conscience*, whom he did refuse,
And grievously did many times abuse.

Conscience.

Go mourn, thou wretch, for sad is thy condition,
Pour forth amain the water of Contrition,
Wilt thou appear to men godly to be,
When all is nothing but Hypocrisie?
Wilt thou to *Truth* so often lend an ear,
And yet to *Satan* also thus adhere?
You were as good have kept your former station,
As thus to yield afresh unto temptation:
Go unto *Truth*, if God give space and room,
Before I do pronounce your final doom.

Truth.

Come, come, Young-man, don't thy convictions
But cherish them, and timely also choose (loose,
The one thing needful, which alone is good,
That God may wash thy Soul in Christ his blood.
Thy Soul is precious, 'tis of greater worth
Than all the things that are upon the Earth.
For if that the whole World you now could gain,
And all the pleasures of it could obtain;
And in exchange your Soul should lose thereby,
What would your profit be when you must dy?
When once thy Soul is lost, thou loosest all:
Oh! that will be a very dismal fall!
Dost thou not know what I of Hell declare,
Of th' hideous howlings of the Damned there?
How canst thou with devouring fire dwell?
Or, lie with Devils in the lowest Hell?
Those who do in their natural state remain,
Must live for ever in that restless pain.
All Fornicators, Drunkards, and the Liar,
Must have their Portion in that Lake of Fire,
With Thieves, Revilers, and Extortioners,
And such who are most vile Idolaters:
The Proud, the Swearer, and the Covetous,
God doth pronounce on them the self same curse:
And those who live in vile Hypocrisie,
Or do backslide into Apostasie;
Let such unto my present words give heed,
Their pain and torment shall all men's exceed.

What

What wilt thou do, or whither canst thou fly,
Where canst thou hide from the great Majesty?
Who tries the reins, and searches every heart,
Conscience declares thou most guilty art.
Condemned Soul! thou knowst that this is so,
And this moreover which I plainly show,
Will come to pass, as sure as God's above,
If from all sin with speed you don't remove;
As sure as you do live where e're you die,
To Hell you go to all Eternity:
Except Repentance in your Soul be wrought,
With vengeance thither you'll at last be brought.
You are the man for whom God did prepare,
That dreadful Tophet where the Damned are,
The which is made exceeding large and deep,
The Damned in that doleful place to keep.
Oh! call to mind what *Conscience* doth this day
Charge you withal before you're swept away;
Lest you from him do hear no more at all,
Till you into those scorching flames do fall.
What mercy is't that *Conscience* strives so long,
And his Convictions still in you are strong!
Oh! fear lest sin do sear your Conscience quite,
And God also put out your Candle-light;
And give you up unto a heart of stone,
As he in Wrath has served many one.
Then to repent it will be much too late,
Such is the danger of a lapsed state.
Young man take heed you don't this work delay,
And put it off unto another day.

Your

Your own Experience may discover this;
Man's Life a bubble and a vapour is.
Alas! thy days on Earth will be but few,
They fly away like to the morning dew;
Like as the cloud and shadow swiftly flies,
Or, dew doth pass as soon as Sun doth rise:
So fly thy days, thy golden months and years,
Much like the blossom that most gay appears,
And on a sudden fades and do's decay;
So Youth oft-times doth wither quite away.
Thy Age thou dost unto the Spring compare,
And to the flowers which appear so rare.
From hence, O young-man, learn Instruction now,
Don't thy Experience dayly teach thee how,
The Flower withers and hangs down its head,
Which curiously of late so flourished?
The Meadow's clad in glorious array,
But's soon cut down, and turned all to Hay.
Like *Jonah*'s Gourd which sprang up in a night,
And perished as soon as it was light.
Or like a Post which quickly passeth by,
Or Weaver's Shuttle which he maketh fly,
Or as a Ship when she is under sail.
Doth run most swift when she has a full gale,
So are thy days, they in like manner fly.
How many little Graves maist thou espy?
Come measure now thy days, and see their length,
Number them not by years, by helth nor strength.
All these uncertain rules you must refuse,
Though that's the way which most of men do use.

They

They think to live till they old-aged are,
'Cause their Progenitors long-lived were.
That Rule from *Truth* you see doth greatly vary,
And with Experience shews the contrary.
You hear the things which you should reckon by,
Things swift in motion, gone most speedily.
Thy life's uncertain, Youth, 'tis but a blast,
Thy Sand is little, long it will not last.
Thy house though new, yet it is very old.
Gone to decay, and turning to the mould.
You'r born to die, and dead also you were,
Before you liv'd or breathed in the Air.
And die you must, before that live you do,
Except you die to live as I do shew.
Thy dreadful ruine, Soul is very nigh,
Unless thy Tears prevent it speedily.
What is thy purpose now, what t's in thy mind?
Which way dost think to take, how art inclin'd?

Youth.

Thy ways, Oh *Truth*, I am resolv'd to run,
And never more will I to Folly turn.
I tremble at the thoughts of Death and Hell,
My Soul is wounded, and my wounds do swell.
My Pains increase, therefore my purpose now
Is far more strict to be, and for to bow
Unto Christ Jesus, that I may obtain
Some healing Med'cine to remove my pain.
No rest can I, save in my Duty find,
I unto Prayer am very much inclin'd.

God

God will, I hope, these latter sins forgive,
Since I more godly do intend to live:
And so resolve to watch and take such care,
That Satan shall no more my Soul insnare.

Vicinus.

He from this day becomes a great Professor,
Though far from being yet a true Possessor.
Christ he has got into his mouth and head,
And not internally rais'd from the dead.
But in old *Adam* still does he remain,
Not knowing what 'tis to be born again.
When Satan sees it is in vain to strive,
The Soul into its former state to drive.
But that it will forsake gross wickedness,
And will also the Truths of Christ profess,
He yields thereto resolving secretly,
To blind its eyes in close Hypocrisie.
And so appears under a new disguise,
Most craftily thy Soul for to surprize.
Perswading him the War which he doth find,
Daily to be within his troubled mind,
Is saving Grace against iniquity,
Which has prevail'd and got the victory;
When it is common Grace (we do so call)
And not the Grace that's supernatural.
He takes the work of Legal Reformation:
For th' only work of true Regeneration,
Here he doth rest and seem to be at ease.
When all is done his Conscience to appease.

But

But I'le give place to this Religious Youth,
To hear discourse between him and the Truth.

Youth.

Oh! happy I, and blessed be the day,
That unto *Truth!* and *Conscience* I gave way.
I would not be in my old state again,
If I thereby some thousands might obtain.
From Wrath, and Hell my Soul is now set free;
For I don't doubt, but I converted be.
The Word with power so to me was brought,
A glorious change within my Soul is wrought.

Truth.

Young-man take heed, lest you mistaken are,
Conversion's hard, it is a work so rare,
That very few that narrow passage enter, (ture;
Though far that way there's thousands do adven-
Yet miss the mark for all their inward strife,
They fall far short of the new Creature-life;
Come, let me hear your Grounds of evidence:
For I don't like your seeming confidence.
I doubt I shall find you under God's curse,
And still your Case as bad, if not much worse,
Than 'twas when you did no Profession make,
But did your swings in all Prophaneness take.
The *Pharisee* was a Religious Man,
Yet nearer Heaven was the *Publican*.
If short of Christ you fix or fasten do,
'Twill be your ruine and your overthrow.

Youth.

What do you mean? this Doctrin's too severe;
For all might see that I converted were.
But if my Grounds you are resolv'd to weigh,
You shall forthwith hear what I have to say;
And the first Ground which I resolve to bring,
For to evince, to clear, and prove the thing,
Is from Convictions which I have of sin;
Which once I hugged and delighted in.

Truth.

Alas poor Soul! this Reason soon will fly,
For most do see their vile Iniquity.
They are convinced by their inward light,
That sin is odious in *Jehovah*'s sight.
But yet vile Sinners are nevertheless,
And don't one dram of saving Grace possess.
King *Pharaoh*, *Esau*, yea, and *Judas* too,
They were convinced of their sins (you know)
That they were Saints, there's no Man doth believe;
For all those three the Devil did deceive.
As he beguiled them, he may likewise,
With cunning Stratagems your Soul surprise.
Nay, and he has, so far as I can judge,
Unless you do some better Reason urge,
To prove Conversion in your Soul is wrought;
I do declare your state is very nought.
How many Men under Convictions lye,
Yet never born again until they dye?

What

What hast thou else to say and to produce,
Sith slight Convictions are of little use?

Youth.

I do not only see my sin, but I
Do mourn and grieve for sin continually.
And those which so do mourn they blessed are,
Don't you also the self-same thing declare?

Truth.

Nay hold a little, thou may'st weep amain;
And yet in thee may many evils reign.
And thou may'st mourn for sin, as many do,
Because of shame, of bitter pain, and wo,
Which now it brings and leads unto i'th end,
And not because thereby you do offend
The living God, and wound your Saviour, who
Did for your sake such torment undergo.
Mourn more for th' evil which doth come thereby,
Than for the evil which in it doth ly.
This ground is weak, for *Esau* it appears,
Did mourn and weep, and let fall bitter tears:
And yet you know that *Esau* was prophane,
And far was he from being born again.

Youth.

But I go further yet, I do confess;
My horrid evils, and my guiltiness.
If I confess my sins, as I have done,
God he is just, and is the faithful One;

Who will my ſins forgive and pardon quite,
And blot them out of his own pretious ſight.
This being ſo, what cauſe then can you ſee,
But that I'me turn'd from my Iniquity?

Truth.

This will not do, 'tis not a certain ground;
Some do confeſs their ſins whoſe heart's unſound.
When *Pharaoh* ſaw the Judgement of the Hail,
His heart began then greatly for to fail.
I've ſin'd this time, the Lord is juſt, ſaid he,
I, and my People (alſo) wicked be.
Though *Pharaoh*, *Saul*, and *Judas*, each of them,
God did reject, and utterly condemn;
Yet theſe, when under wrath, are forc'd to cry,
Lord, we have ſin'd; their Conſcience ſo did fly
Into their Faces, that it made them quake,
And unto God Confeſſion ſtrait to make.
Confeſſion may be made alſo in part,
And not of ev'ry ſin that's in the heart.
Men may confeſs their ſin, and their great guilt.
Who the dire nature of it never felt.
Confeſs their ſins in their extremity,
When Conſcience pinches them moſt bitterly.
Confeſs their ſins which they committed have,
Yet don't intend thoſe curſed ſins to leave.

Youth.

But I confeſs, and alſo do forſake,
My ſtate therefore, 'tis clear, you do miſtake;

Thoſe

Thoſe who confeſs and do their ſins forgo,
God will to them his pretious Mercy ſhow.
Therefore don't trouble me, 'tis very plain,
I for my part am truly born again.

Truth.

In this alſo you may deceived be,
Men may forſake all groſs iniquity;
Yet in their Souls may ſome ſweet morſel lye,
Which they may hug and keep cloſe ſecretly.
They may ſin leave, but not as it is ſin;
Which has too often manifeſted bin.
If the leaſt ſin thou didſt forſake aright,
All ſin would then be odious in thy ſight.
Judgement and Reaſon may your ſins oppoſe,
And utterly refuſe with them to cloſe;
Yet may thy will and thy affections joyn,
To favour ſtill and love thoſe ſins of thine.
If ſin's not out of thy affection caſt,
Thou wilt appear an Hypocrite at laſt.
If ſin's i'th' will and in th' affections found,
'Tis a true ſign thy heart is quite unſound.
Like to the Seaman, ſome Profeſſors do,
Who over-board ſome Goods are forc'd to throw,
When they do meet with ſtorms & with bad wea-
Leſt all their Goods & Ship do ſink together. (ther,
When in the Soul great ſtorms and tempeſts riſe,
The Devil then may ſubtilly adviſe
The Soul to throw ſome of its ſins away,
To make a Calm, that ſo thereby he may

Perswade the Soul the danger is quite gone,
And, that the work in him is fully done.
Tis not enough therefore some sins to leave,
But every sin you must resolve to heave
And cast o're-board, yea, and that willingly,
Or else you sink to all Eternity.
Not by constraint as *Conscience* doth compel,
As some are forc'd to do who like it well;
Who leave the Act, but love to it retain:
Such leave their sins, and yet their sins remain.

Youth.

These are hard sayings which you do relate,
And I indeed should question my estate;
Wer't not for other grounds and reasons clear,
By which I know that I converted were.
Sir! there's in me a very glorious change,
Most Men admire it, and do think it strang,
That one who lately did both scoff and jear
Those Men and People, which I now do hear;
And follow'd Vice and ev'ry vanity,
Should on a sudden thus reformed be:
And utterly my self also deny,
Of my sweet joys, and former Company.

Truth.

From outward filthiness a Man may turn,
And not be chang'd in heart when he has done.
A legal change I grant he may be under,
Yet may not Soul and Self be cut asunder.

An outward change in Men there may be wrought,
And yet their hearts within be very nought.
The Swine that wallows in the mire now,
May waſhed be, but ſtill remains a Sow.
Perſons may cleanſe the out-ſide of the Cup,
And Dogs may ſpew their naſty Vomit up;
But yet do keep their beaſtly Nature ſtill,
And e're a while they manifeſt it will.
Many Profeſſors fall away and dy,
For want of being changed thorowly.
The *Phariſee* was chang'd, he did appear
As if indeed a pretious Saint he were;
And differ'd quite from the poor *Publican*,
And thought himſelf a far more happy Man.
But all this was in ſhew, and not in heart;
And therefore had in Chriſt no ſhare nor part.
Except your Righteouſneſs doth his excel,
You in no wiſe ſhall in God's Kingdom dwell.
'Tis a falſe change, and cannot be a true,
Unleſs in you all things are wholly new.
Old *Herod* will reform in many things,
When once he finds his Conſcience bites & ſtings;
To hear *John Baptiſt* alſo was he led,
Yet afterwards depriv'd him of his Head.
So far this ſeeming-Saint was turn'd aſide,
That he alſo your Saviour did deride;
And with his Men of War ſet him at nought,
Whilſt Accuſations they againſt him ſought.
Simon the Sorcerer, alſo you read,
Was changed ſo, he gave great care and heed.

To *Philip's* Preachings; yea, and suddenly
He leaves his Witch-crafts and his Sorcery;
And yet a curſed Caitife all the while,
Like a Sepulchre painted, inward vile.
Another Man in ſhew 'tis like thou art,
Yet not made new, and changed in thy heart.
Men in thy Life may no great blemiſh ſpy,
Yet in thy breſt much rottenneſs may ly.
Towards all Men thy Conſcience may be clear,
Conſcience ſo far may for thee witneſs bear,
That you in Morals it do not offend;
Yet unto God it may not you commend:
But contrar'wiſe it in your face may fly,
And you condemn for ſin continually.
For ſecret evils which it's privy too,
Which none knows of, ſave only God and you.
Therefore, Oh! Young-man, if you look about,
Of your Converſion you have cauſe to doubt.
Satan ſo greatly may your heart deceive,
That not one dram of Grace your Soul may have
Which ſaving is, and of the pureſt kind,
For that, alas! there's very few do find.

Youth.

But I am call'd of God, and do obey
The Voice of *Truth* and *Conſcience* every day.
God's called Ones I'me ſure you can't deny,
But they are ſuch whom he doth Juſtifie:
Therefore 'tis clear and very evident,
That Grace alone hath made me penitent.

My

My heart is ſound, my Graces true alſo,
My Confidence there's none ſhall overthrow.

Truth.

Thou ſeem'ſt too confident, 'tis a bad ſign;
For fears attend where ſaving Grace doth ſhine.
I tell thee, Youth, that many called be;
But few are choſen from Eternity.
Judas was call'd, and did obey in part,
And yet he was a Devil in his heart.
There is an outward, and an inward Call,
The latter only is effectual.
Therefore you muſt produce ſome better ground,
For this don't prove that your Converſion's ſound;
But that thou mayſt ſtick faſt ſtill in the birth,
Or prove Abortive when thou art brought forth.
'Tis rare, Oh Youth! for to be born anew;
And hard to find out when the work is true.

Youth.

Though it be ſo, what cauſe have I to fear,
When that my Evidences are ſo clear?
I do believe, and truſt in God through Faith,
And he which ſo doth do, the witneſs hath
Within himſelf, and ſhall aſſuredly
Be ſaved alſo when he comes to dy.

Truth.

Thou mayſt believe as moſt of People do,
And yet to Hell at laſt thy Soul may go.

The Faith of Credence it is like you have,
Which cannot qicken, purifie or ſave.
Some *Jews* believ'd in Chriſt you alſo find,
Yet to their Luſts their hearts were then inclin'd;
And out of Satans Kingdom were not freed,
Nor made Diſciples of the Lord indeed.
Simon the Sorcerer, he did believe;
Yet did his Soul no ſaving Grace receive:
But was a Child of Satan ne're the leſs,
And ſtill was in the Gall of bitterneſs.
The ſtony ground with joy receiv'd the ſeed,
And for a time brought forth, as you may read;
And yet their hearts they were but hearts of ſtone,
Their Faith was temporary, ſoon 'twas gone.
The *Devils do believe* as well as you,
Yea, and confeſs that Jeſus they do know;
They tremble alſo, which ſome Men can't ſay,
They ever did unto this preſent day.
Such Faith as Devils have, moſt Men obtain,
Which ſerves for nought, ſave to augment their pain.
If on a Death-bed *Conſcience* do awake,
'Twill cauſe them then to tremble and to quake,
And roar like Devils when they do eſpy,
The dreadful wrath of that great Majeſty,
Whom they offended, and againſt their Light,
And knowledge too, moſt wickedly did ſlight.
This Faith will ſerve their grief to aggravate,
But not to help them out of that eſtate.
'Tis eaſie to believe that Chriſt did dy;
But hard his blood in Truth for to apply.

Men

Men may raiſe up the dead to life again,
As eaſie as true ſaving Faith obtain
By their own Power, and inherent skill,
Nought doth oppoſe it more than Mans own will;
Until Almighty Power makes it bend,
'Twill not to Grace, nor Jeſus condeſcend.
That Pow'r which rais'd up Jeſus from the dead,
Works Faith in Saints, whereby they'r quickened:
The Faith of Credence, and Hyſtorical,
Is eaſie had, I ne're deny it ſhall:
But pretious Faith, the Faith of God's Elect,
As 'tis a Grace, and gloriouſly bedeckt
With other Graces, ſo, 'twill never grow
But in the honeſt heart, where God doth ſow
The bleſſed Seed, which, like a Garden pure,
Doth yield its fruit to th' laſt, you may be ſure.
And when this Fairh is wrought in any Soul,
It throws down ſelf, and wholly then doth rowl
On Jeſus Chriſt, as its beloved one,
On whom it reſts, and doth depend alone.
If God hath wrought this pretious Grace in thee,
Sin thou doſt hate, yea, all Iniquity;
And Luſt doth not predominate and reign,
If thou by Faith art truly born again.
Chriſt thou exalt'ſt as he is Prieſt and King,
And as thy Prophet too in every thing:
He does in thee wholly the Scepter ſway,
And thou art govern'd by him every day.
Sin can't prevail, ſuch is thy happy caſe,
If thou haſt got this rare victorious Grace:

It purges and doth purifie thy heart,
Wholly renewing thee in every part.
Men by its fruits true Faith do come to know,
And by their works the same do also show;
What Faith is thine? what thinks thou now of it?
I greatly fear 'twill prove a counterfeit.
Examine thy Estate, and take good heed,
To close with Jesus Christ, and that with speed.
For as th' Body without the Spirit's dead;
The same of Faith you know is also sed.
Without Obedience doth thy Faith attend?
Yet for all this you'l perish in the end.

Youth.

I am obedient, and am free to joyn
In fellowship with Saints, such Faith is mine:
I willing am to do, as to believe;
The Devil can't therefore my Soul deceive.
For I have clos'd with Christ already so,
That none my Faith shall ever overthrow.
The many Prayers I make both day and night,
Do doubtless prove that my Conversion's right.

Truth.

I tell thee, Soul, Men may do more than this,
And yet they may of true Conversion miss.
God's Ordinances many do obey,
And Members of God's holy Church are they.
And of its Priviledges seem to share,
As if that they truly Converted were.

They

They may diſcourſe, and ſeem to be devout,
And may not be diſcerned, nor found out.
They with the Flock may walk, lie down and feed
And ſo remain till many years ſucceed:
Nay, not diſcovered be until they ſtand
Amongſt the Goats at Jeſus Chriſts left-hand.
The fooliſh Virgins joyn'd themſelves with wiſe,
And for to meet the Bridegroom did ariſe:
But e're the Bridegroom came their caſe was ſad,
For they nought elſe ſave empty Veſſels had.
A bare Profeſſion, and a meer out-ſide;
And did no Oyl, no ſaving Grace provide.
Many great Preachers, and Diſputers too,
Chriſt will not own, nor any favour ſhew;
Though in his Name they mighty works have done,
He'l ſay to them, *Ye wicked ones, be gone,*
I know you not, therefore be gone from me
All you vile workers of Iniquity.
You ſay oft-times you ſeek the Lord in Prayer,
That you may do, and let fall many a tear;
And yet not be in a converted ſtate:
For many ſeek with tears when 'tis too late.
Others, like Seamen, in a ſtorm do cry,
When *Conſcience* doth rebuke them bitterly.
And ſome under Afflictions cry and howl,
And grievouſly their ſtate do then condole;
Then Promiſes and Reſolutions make,
That they ſuch Courſes will no longer take:
But when the ſtorm and the affliction's o're,
They are as bad, nay worſer than before.

Some

Some Pray in Form, and others Pray by Art,
And some to mend the badness of their Heart;
Their hearts are wounded, and then speedily,
Their Pray'rs to heal it, they do straight apply.
They sin i'th day, and Pray when it is night;
They sin again, but Pray'r doth heal it quite.
They think 'tis well if Tears they can let fall,
Their Prayers and Tears they think will cure all.
And so that way poor *Conscience* they beguil,
They silence him; yet sinners all the while.
Their Prayers, alas! can't wash their filth away;
Though they do nothing else both night and day.
'Tis on their Prayers they rest, and do depend;
Which like a broken staff will fail i'th' end
A Saint in Prayer, no rest nor ease can gain,
Unless Christs blood thereby he doth obtain:
And Grace also his sins to mortify,
For Christ, as well as Pardon, he doth cry.
But contrar'wise it is with most of Men,
They cry for Pardon, but do also then
In their vile hearts regard iniquity;
And for this cause God doth their suit deny.
Their Prayers are to God abomination,
Whilst they do hide and cover their trangression.
Some out of Custom do perform their Prayer,
Not out of Conscience, or from godly care.
And others also for vain-glory sake,
Like *Pharisees*, they many Prayers make.
In sight of Men, in Publick such will pray,
But in the Closet little have to say.

And

And some to God also seem to draw near,
Yet not in love, nor out of filial fear,
They with their mouths & tongues much kindness show,
When as their hearts are fixt on things below.
'Tis for the heart when Christ doth chiefly call,
And reason 'tis that he should have it all.
For he the same did buy and purchase dear,
Yet Satan has the chief possession there.
God at the door, and in the porch doth stand,
While Satan may the bravest room command.
They'l ope to him, and keep *Jehovah* out,
And yet in Pray'r they seem to be devout.
There's some will pray, and up this Duty keep,
When th' Soul is quite, and th' Body neer asleep.
Who ever prays, and prays not fervently,
In Faith,-in Truth, and in Sincerity;
Their Prayers are sin, and them God will not hear,
Nor mind their cry when they to him draw near.
Tis not enough a Duty for to know,
But how also each Duty you should do:
For Men may Pray, Read, Hear, and Meditate;
And yet be in an unconverted state.
They outwardly may many Truths profess,
But not in heart the pow'r of them possess.
The Law i'th' Letter keep, yea, have the shell;
Yet feeds on husks, and want the true kernel.
The Young-man which to Jesus Christ did run,
He many things as well as you had done;
And yet fell short, as you may plainly see,
Of the chief part of true Christianity.

What

What say ye now, O Youth, do you not fear,
That you by Satan much deceived are?
Have you no *Dalila* which secretly
Doth in your heart, or in your bosom ly?
Don't you to sin some secret love retain?
If it be so, you are not born again.
Conscience I fear, and God's restraining Grace.
Has only stopt you in your former race.
Like to a Dog that's kept up by a Chain,
So *Conscience* does from sin oft-times restrain.
But if the Chain should slip, then loose he goes;
And presently his churlish nature shows.
To your own Righteousness do you not trust?
I fear you do, come speak, or *Conscience* must.
Don't you conclude God is oblig'd to you,
Since you have let so many evils go?
And are so holy here of late become,
Are not your duties set up in the room
And place of Christ? Oh! see you do not make
A Saviour of your own (for Jesus sake)
Did ever sin, sinful to you appear?
And, as 'tis sin, to it great hatred bear:
Would you not sin, were there no Hell of pain,
Because you know the Lord doth it disdain?
Rather, is't not from fear of punishment,
That you of late seem thus for to relent?
Or, doth there not some carnal base design,
Move thee so far unto God's Truth to joyn?
Is not thy end to get a Name thereby?
Or only done, *Conscience* to satisfy?

Or

Or done to free thee from reproach and ſhame,
Which ſin doth bring upon a Perſon's Name?
Haſt not it done, and wiſely caſt about
This way, for to prevent a bankerout?
Or done for to augment thy outward ſtore,
To ſave thy ſtock, and add unto it more?
For Riotous Living which attends thy Age,
Conſumes a pace, and want it doth preſage,
Come ſpeak, O Youth, and be thou not unfree,
To let me underſtand how 'tis with thee.
Come, call to mind what thou haſt heard of late,
And thereby judge of this thy preſent ſtate.

Youth.

I do not ſee but my condition's good,
I have ſuch hope & Faith in Chriſt's dear blood;
Though many imperfections I do ſee;
Yet God is gratious, and will pardon me.
For many failings there is in the beſt;
What is amiſs, I'le mend, and ſo do reſt.

Truth.

Thy Hope will fail like to the Spider's webb,
Thy flood of Confidence will have its ebb,
If thou prove guilty of thoſe things which I,
Did unto thee ſo lately ſignifie.
Thy ſpots will not be like the ſpots of thoſe,
Which God for Children to himſelf hath choſe.
And ſince you are ſo loth for to be try'd,
And leſt you ſhould alſo ſome evils hide;

To *Conscience* i'll appeal, you have done wrong;
To stop his mouth, and hinder him so long:
He's so inlightened now he can declare,
As much as we at present need to hear,
He'll speak the truth, and his opinion show,
And nothing will he hide which he doth know.
If unto him you will attend with care,
Of other witnesses no need is there.
If he, O Young-man, be but on your side.
And is your Friend, you need none else provide.
But if against you, and do prove your Foe,
With vengeance then be sure down you will go.
But if you will not hear what he shall say,
He'll make you tremble in the Judgement day.

Conscience, I do i'th' Name of the great King,
Require you forth your evidence to bring
Against this Man, accuse, or set him free,
According as you find his state to be:
Stand up for Christ your dread & Soveraign Lord,
And Judge for him as he doth Light afford.
Be not deceiv'd by Lust, a Bribe to take,
But Judge by Law; Christ's honour lies at stake.
For to speak home and loud have you forgot?
Is he converted now, or is he not?
What do you say? your Testimony give:
Is all sin dead, or doth there any live?
Is he new born, and chang'd in every part?
Or Is't in shew only, and not in heart?

Conscience.

Sir, say no more, I am at your Command,
And you shall hear how things at present stand.
He hath, *O Truth*, almost deceived me
By's late pretences unto Sanctity:
But having now a fresh receiv'd more light,
I must declare he is an Hypocrite.
He's not renew'd or truly born again,
Which I to you shall clearly now explain.
For, first of all, his Faculty, call'd Will,
That is perverse and very wicked still;
Though I stir up to good every hour,
Will doth oppose it with his greatest pow'r.
He'll never pray in private day nor night;
But I must force him to't with all my might.
The old Man is not slain I do espy,
But has much favour shown him secretly.
Though I do force him into holes to run,
Yet he doth nourish him when all is done.
His Love and his Affections are for sin,
And so in truth they ever yet have bin.
He's troubl'd more at sin because of guilt,
Than at the *Odium* of its curs'd filth
When he's abroad amongst Religious Men,
Precise and Zealous he is always then:
But when amongst such who ungodly be,
He suits himself to their vile company.
Some sins are left which Men condemn as gross,
Yet one he keeps, and hugs it very close:

Lust doth bear rule and much predominate,
And he on it doth love to ruminate.
'Tis shame and outward fear doth him restrain,
Or else the act he would commit again.
If he from outward blots can keep his Name,
That Saints can't him accuse nor justly blame,
He's satisfied, and very well content,
Though to his Peace I never gave consent.
Peace he oft-times doth speak unto his Soul,
And scarce will suffer me him to controul.
When I sometimes do catch him in a ly,
And do reprove him for Hypocrisie:
To stop my Mouth he vows he will with speed
Amend what is amiss, and take more heed.
And more then this of him I could relate,
And shew how you have hit his present state:
But that he will not suffer me to speak,
He blinds my eyes, that so I might not rake
Into his heart and life, lest he thereby
Meets with great shame for his iniquity.

Truth.

Conscience, forbear, you need not to inlarge;
If you do lay these things unto his charge.
He is undone, alas! his pretious Soul
Is under wrath, who can enough condole
His sad estate! the Gospel he'l profess,
But still remains i'th gall of bitterness.
Is this the Saint which seemed so precise,
And did appear God's Statutes much to prize?

A Saint in shew, a Devil in his heart;
And must with Devils also have his part.
The day is coming, and is very near,
When Hypocrites shall be surpriz'd with fear;
The everlasting burning fiery Lake,
Is made more hot on purpose for their sake.
But since you are not fear'd, nor I yet gone,
Before we leave him quite, do you go on:
Let us purpose him still, for who doth know
What God may yet upon his Spirit do?
If God grant him one dram of saving Grace,
That will yet do; though 'tis a doubtful case,
Whether or no God will his Grace afford
To such as he, who thus offend the Lord.
For such whom Satan doth this way deceive,
'Tis hard to bring truly for to believe.
He never was convinced thorowly,
Of Sin, and of his nat'ral misery.
His lost estate he truly never saw,
Nor what it is for to transgress God's Law.
How he's undone thereby he never knew,
Nor what for sin original is due.
And as he did for sin ne're kindly bleed;
So of a Christ he never saw the need.
Th' absolute want and great necessity
Of Jesus Christ, he never did espy:
But on false bottoms he has built 'tis clear;
I do conjure you therefore to declare
Him utterly unclean from top to toe,
And let him understand you are his Foe.

The Plague is in his head, and no place free,
But in his heart it rages vehemently.
Lance him unto the quick, and make him feel,
Lay on ſuch blows as may cauſe him to reel.

Conſcience.

Come, come, O Young-man, liſten unto me,
I will no longer thus deceived be.
I from God's Word Commiſſion have anew,
To tell thee what is like for to enſue;
For all thy hopes and ſeeming goodly ſhow,
Thou art a wretched Sinner thou doſt know.
Think'ſt thou on *Conſcience* to commit a Rape,
And yet God's dreadful vengeance to eſcape?
Dar'ſt thou again under a new diſguiſe,
Encounter with thy former Enemies?
You are the ſame I am ſure although you have
Changed your Coat, poor Mortals to deceive.
Ungodly wretch! doſt thou not dread my Name,
Who'm come once more againſt thee to proclaim
A ſecond War, and to declare alſo,
God's ſtill thy Enemy and bitter Foe.
His Sword is whet, his Bow he'l alſo bend,
To cut down thoſe that do, like thee offend.
Nought he hates more than vile Hypocriſy,
And from his Preſence, Youth, thou canſt not fly.

Youth.

Conſcience, be ſtill, though I a ſinner be,
There's none doth know it now ſave onely thee.

Conſci-

Conscience.

Deceived Soul! doth none know it but I?
Where's the great God, is he not also nigh?
Dost think, vain Youth, the interposing Cloud,
From God's all-searching Eye can be a shroud?
Or dost thou think God's Seat is so on high,
That he cannot thy inward thoughts espy?
None know't but me! know'st thou not who I am?
Have I not pow'r for to accuse, and damn?
Should I be still, it would be a sad day,
Unless thy sins were purged clean away.
And whilst I speak, and thou dost stop thine Ear,
Nothing but War and Tumults thou wilt hear.
I'le never side with thee, nor take thy part,
Whilst horrid guilt remains in thy base heart.
Nor would I mind thy flattery or frown,
Wert thou the highest Prince of great'st Renown.
That ever did on Earth a Scepter sway,
Before thy face I would thy evils lay.
At th' smallest sin before I can't connive;
And therefore with me 'tis in vain to strive.
For where I am an Enemy indeed,
I'le plague that heart until I make it bleed.
A close and secret Foe, Young man, am I,
Who am also with thee continually.
What e're you think or speak, yea, act or do,
Of it (poor Soul) I very well do know:
Thy secret Lust, and what is done th' night,
Which thou asham'd art should come to light.

I then am nigh, and know it very well,
And more than this I am resolv'd to tell;
I unto thee shall prove an Enemy,
When thou art brought into Adversity;
When death and sickness comes, then thou shalt see,
How thou with horror shalt amazed be.
Then my black Bill against thee will be large,
For then against thee I will bring a Charge,
Which will make thy sad face like Ashes look,
And wound thy Soul as if a Knife was struck
Into thy very heart, and make thee mourn,
And curse the day that ever thou wast born.
I'le make thee understand (clearly) i'th' end,
What 'tis (vile wretch) poor *Conscience* to offend.
Heark once again, for I have more to say;
When this life's ended, there's another day.
Look now about thee, Youth, for there's to come,
The black, the dark, and dreadful day of Doom.
When thou dost dye, I'le bite and sting thy Soul,
Whilst that in flames doth burn and doth condole
Its damned state for yielding unto sin,
Which has alone the ruine of it bin.
And also when i'th' Judgement Day you stand
Amongst the Goats at Jesus Christ's left hand,
Thy dreadful state and tryal for to hear,
Then I against thee straitway must appear;
Yea, and shall speak more plain than now I can,
Because I'me clouded by the Fall of Man;
And am by Satan oftentimes misled,
And utterly unable rendered,

A true and right decision for to make,
He so beguiles me that I do mistake,
And a wrong Judgement oftentimes retain,
Till *Truth* sets me into the right again.
But Satan then shall no more power have,
The heart of any Man for to deceive.
In that day shall you provoke and urge,
For to confess with shame before the Judge,
Thy evil Lust and close Hypocrisie,
Unto thy own Eternal misery.
I shall accuse thee so in that great Day,
Thou shalt not have one word (Young-man) to say,
Thy inward parts so opened then shall be,
That nothing shall be hid i'th' least from me,
And I before the dreadful Judge shall show,
All secret things that ever you did do;
And in your face so fiercely also fly,
That you with horror shall be forc'd to cry,
Guilty, guilty, O Lord! then thou must hear
The dreadful Sentence, which no one can bear;
Go, go, ye Curs'd! that's a word of ire,
And you must down into Eternal fire,
Where Hypocrites and Unbelievers lye,
Broyling in pain to all Eternity.
And as the fire evermore will burn,
And thou from thence shalt never more return:
So I also shall then afflict thy Soul,
Whilst thou in scalding Sulphur flames dost roul.
I like a Worm, or Serpent, then will bite.
And gnaw thy Soul, thou curs'd Hypocrite.

Those

Those inward stings which always thou wilt find,
Or cruel gnawings in thy tortur'd mind.
Will then increase and aggravate thy woe,
In such a sort there is no Tongue can show.
You then will think how you did me abuse,
And my good Counsel utterly refuse.
And how you labour'd to put out my Light,
Who in God's paths would lead your feet aright.
Your base delays and put-offs you'l repent,
And that your time so foolishly was spent:
That you for love which unto Lust you bore,
Should lose your Soul, and that for evermore.
To think how near you were unto Salvation,
Will prove another grievous aggravation:
To bid so fair for Heaven, yet to miss;
What greater trouble can there be than this?
To see the Ship i'th' mouth o'th' Haven lost,
That doth, ye know, perplex the Merchant most.
I'le tell you also how you wilfully
Brought on your self that dreadful misery:
And how I did oft-times to you declare,
The bitter torments which you then must bear:
And what your Pride and Lust would bring you to,
If you did not resolve to let them go.
Ah! thou wilt see how thou art quite undone,
And how all hopes for evermore are gone.
Thoughts of those golden Seasons once you had,
And vainly lost, will then be very sad.
Thou might'st, hadst thou improv'd the means of Grace,
Beheld with Saints God's reconciled face. (

And

And enter'd Paradise, where Angels sing
Anthems of Joy to the Eternal King:
Thou might'st have sung to him melodious Psalms,
With those whose hands shall bear triumphant Palms;
Who with Eternal Love shall ravish'd be,
Reigning with Christ to all Eternity.
Heaven is a place whose glory doth excel;
The thousand part of it no tongue can tell.
Man's heart (*Truth says*) cannot i'th' least conceive
What those shall have who truly do believe.
Who would lose Christ and his Immortal treasure?
For one base Lust and moments time of pleasure?
But if what's said of Heav'n will not invite thee,
Then let Hell torments with black vengeance fright thee
And make thee yield to *Truth* without delays,
Before God put's a period to thy days.
As Eye can neither see, nor Tongue express
The glory which God's Saints in Heav'n possess:
So there's no Man which can conceive the woe,
That Souls shut up in Hell do undergo.
If Men could number all the Stars of Heaven,
Or count the Dust which with the wind is driven;
Or tell the drops of water in the Seas,
Or count the Sands; then might a man with ease
Declare the nature of that dreadful pain,
Which damned Souls for ever must sustain.
But Stars, nor Dust, nor Drops, nor Sands can be
Number'd by any Man, neither can he
Express the nature of God's dreadful ire,
Which Souls lye under in Eternal fire.

In

In Hell all's darkness, not one beam of Light:
What's greater sorrow than Eternal Night?
In Hell all's Death, and yet there is no dying,
Nought there is heard but a most hideous crying.
Their pains end not, from it there's no exemption,
Their cries admit no help, there's no redemption;
Nor none to pity them, nor hear their groans,
Whilst they do make their lamentable moans.
The Lord who dy'd will then rejoyce to see,
Vengeance pour'd forth upon those Souls that be
Vessels of Wrath, who for rejecting Grace
Must have their portion in that doleful place.
No Earthly pain or torment can declare,
The woful Anguish which the Damned bear:
For if those Plagues could be defin'd by Men,
Infinite punishment 'twould not be then.
Infinite Wrath it is to satisfie;
And God, be sure, will Justice magnifie.
Didst thou but hear the groans and hideous cry
Of Souls condemned to Eternity,
How would it scare, and cause thy Heart to ake,
And every limb of thee tremble and quake!
Think, think on this, before the time doth come
That God doth pass on thee thy final Doom.

Truth.

What say'st thou now? how can'st thou sleep in peace
Until these inward gripes of *Conscience* cease?
How can'st thou think i'th' least thy state is good,
When *Conscience* swells & makes so great a flood?

Or

Or raiſes ſtorms and tempeſts in thy breaſt?
Becauſe of ſin he will not let thee reſt.
Come, make a ſearch, *Conſcience* is not miſled,
The very Truth before you he has ſpread.
What will you do at Death and Judgement Day,
If *Conſcience* thus you ſlight and diſobey?
Make peace with God, for worſer are his cryes,
Than if ten thouſand witneſſes ſhould riſe
Againſt thy Soul; 'twill be a dreadful thing
To have thy Conſcience then to bite and ſting.

Youth.

Some comfort, *Truth*, alas my Soul doth melt,
Such gripes as theſe what Man has ever felt?
I have ſome doubt my ſtate is very nought,
And that Converſion is not truly wrought.
My heart condemns me, and doth me reprove,
'Tis thou alone which can my grief remove.

Truth.

Before you have a Plaiſter for your ſore,
Your wound muſt yet be ſearch'd a little more:
If ſlightly heal'd only for preſent eaſe,
The Remedy's as bad as the Diſeaſe.
Doſt know what time thou didſt this wound re-
'Tis worſer far, I fear, than you believe: (ceive?
'Tis deep, it ſtinks, yea, and 'tis venemous;
And doth expoſe thee to God's dreadful Curſe.
The ſting or dart ſticks faſt too in thy Liver,
Which doth thy ſmart and bitter pains procure.

Thy

Thy ſtate is bad, thou haſt thy mortal wound,
No Limb, or any part of thee, is ſound.
If thou couldſt live, and never more offend,
Yet by the Law thy Soul is quite condemn'd.
If from all actual ſin you ſhould be clear,
Yet by the Law you ſtill moſt guilty are
Of former Crimes, Treaſon and Felony,
And juſtice doth aloud for Vengeance cry,
Nor will ſhe Pardon or Reprieve give forth
To any Sinner living on the Earth.
Againſt thee too the Sentence is forth gone,
And th' Day of Execution doth draw on;
Nought is between thee and eternal Death,
But ſome ſhort hours of uncertain breath.
Sin is ſo vile, and Juſtice ſo ſevere,
That in the leaſt 'twould not *Chriſt Jeſus* ſpare;
But Juſtice he muſt fully ſatisfie,
Who came to be man's bleſt Security.
And ſince in Chriſt thou haſt no ſhare nor part,
See what a ſelf-condemned Soul thou art.

Youth.

O curſed Sin! is this my ſad condition?
Truth I believe has made a right deciſion.
I have my Soul deceived all a long,
Though in my heart Convictions oft were ſtrong.
Oh! horrid Luſt, and baſe deceitful Devil,
Is this the fruit of your ſweet-pleaſing evil?
And thou falſe World, what art thou now to me?
For I alas I am ruined by thee.

O whether shall I fly? what path untrod?
For to escape th' incensed wrath of God?
Will none for me some secret place provide,
Where I from flaming Vengeance close may hide.

Truth.

Vain is all this, for none can find a place
To hide from God (such is thy bitter case)
If to the ends of all the Earth you fly,
Vengeance will you pursue with *Hue* and *Cry*:
If you should take a sudden hasty flight,
To seek some shelter in the shades of Night;
Twould also fail thee, though it should be done:
For unto God Darkness and Light is one.
Or, if thou couldst some solid Rock espy,
To hide thee from God's dreadful Majesty.
Can Rocks, dost think, prevent, yea, or restrain
The stroke of Justice, and not fly in twain?
There is no Sea, nor Shade, nor Rock, nor Cave
Which can from Vengeance shelter thee or save.
The Sea would part, the hardest Rock will split:
Where Justice aims, her fiery Darts must hit.
Canst thou escape, alas! what place is there
To hide from him who's present ev'ry where?

Youth.

Oh *Truth*! what shall I do, how can I stand,
Or bear these tortures of God's heavy hand?
My Spirit may infirmities sustain,
But who can bear this inward cutting pain.

Is there no help, no Salve to heal my Wound;
What, no Physitian for me to be found!
Will Tears nor Prayers no help at all afford,
Watchings, Fastings, nor Hearing of the Word?
Or if that I could live and sin no more,
O what is sin, and what's my Gangrene sore!
O what's the nature of iniquity,
If nought my Soul can cleanse or purifie?
Rivers of Oyl, much Gold, or Earthly Wealth
Will not redeem my Soul, nor purchase health.
Ah! I am lost! the cause is truly so,
I am undone, and know not what to do!
Have you no word of Comfort now for me?
Oh! must I dye in this extremity?

Truth.

Dost find thy self sick at the very heart?
And doth my searchings make thy Wounds to smart?
Doth sin, as sin, upon thy Spirit ly?
And doth its weight and burden make thee cry?
Dost know thy Wound is Epidemical?
And that for thee there is no help at all
By Law nor Levite? dost thou see thy loss,
And thy own Righteousness to be but dross?

Youth.

I know not what to say, I am in doubt
Some sin is hid, which yet I can't find out.
My heart is deep and very traiterous;
Every day I find it worse and worse.

I

I grieve for sin, and yet I am in dread
That I in sin am greatly hardened.
Yet this, O *Truth*, I hope is wrought in me,
Sin I do hate as 'tis iniquity.
I would not Christ offend nor grieve again,
Were there no Hell or place of future pain:
O that e're I against the Lord should sin,
Who has to me so good and gratious bin.
Against the Lord, against the Lord alone,
Have I this horrid evil often done.
Oh! I do see that I in sin am dead,
And my iniquity's gone o're my head,
As a great burden which I cannot bear,
Oh! that I might but of a Saviour hear.
All my own Righteousness I prize no more,
Than stinking refuse of a Common-shore.

Truth.

Come Youth, chear up, if this be so indeed,
I tell thee then Christ for thy Soul did bleed.
Glad tydings now I unto thee do bring,
There's M'rcy for thee in the Heav'nly King.
Christ to appease God's Wrath did hither come,
And I am sent by him to call thee home.
Rise up, rise up, his blood for to apply,
And thou sh soon be healed perfectly.

Youth.

Ah! could I but believe what thou dost say
Unto my Soul, 'twould be a joyful day.

Alas! on me a mighty burden lies,
I cannot ſtir, nor power have to riſe.
Can *Lazarus*, who in the Grave doth ly,
Death's cruel Fetters and ſtrong Bands unty?
Can he awake? what pow'r has he to ſtrive,
When dead, and ſtinks? alas! he can't revive,
Although dead but four days: then how ſhall I,
Who have lay'n dead in my iniquity,
Ever ſince *Adam* (as it plain appears)
Which is indeed above five thouſand years?
Jehovah which at firſt my heart did make,
Muſt by his Pow'r it into pieces take;
That ſo he may create my heart a-new,
E're good from Chriſt doth to my Soul accrue,
'Tis he muſt give me pow'r to will and do,
And raiſe me up e're I can creep or go.

Truth.

Though that be true, yet harken unto me,
And take the Councel which I'le give to thee?
And thou ſhalt find, as ſure as God's above,
He will thy Fears and all thy Doubts remove,
And raiſe thee up out of the empty Pit,
And on a Rock alſo ſtill ſet thy feet.
Firſt thing of all which to you I commend,
Be ſure you don't your Conſcience more offend,
Do not grieve that, but always take great care
In every thing to prove your ſelf ſincere.
He that in Morals walks not faithfully,
No marvel 'tis if Chriſt do paſs him by.

In

In ev'ry Nation thoſe excepted are,
Who walk uprightly, and the Lord do fear!
Thoſe who do follow on to know the Lord,
He will to them his ſaving help afford.
I do exhort you in the ſecond place,
For to attend upon all means of grace.
Do not neglect to hear God's bleſſed Word,
But prize each ſeaſon which the pretious Lord
Is pleas'd in Mercy on you to beſtow,
For unto you thereby much good will flow.
My third advice, make uſe of ſpeedily,
Lift up your voice, unto the Lord on high!
Pour forth your Soul to him both night and day,
And you'l prevail, though he at firſt ſay nay.
Though you at firſt may with repulſes meet,
Your Soul yet proſtrate at *Jehovah*'s feet.
He's full of bowels, long he can't refrain
E're he comes forth to eaſe you of your pain.
Thy Prayers, and Tears, and ſpiritual contrition,
Will move his heart to ſend thee a Phyſitian,
Who will apply a Plaiſter to thy wound,
Which will hereafter ever make thee ſound.
Chriſt's blood will heal, 'twill cleanſe and purify,
If now the ſame by Faith you do apply.
Such grief is thine, no Med'cine will do good,
Nor heal thy Soul but thy dear Saviour's blood.
The good *Samaritan* will caſt a look,
Though thou of Prieſt and Levite art forſook?
Into thy Wounds he'l pour in Oyl and Wine,
The which will heal that bleeding Soul of thine.

O Cry to God, my ſiſter *Grace* to ſend,
'Tis ſhe at laſt will prove thy ſpecial Friend.
If God is pleaſed but to ſend her down,
Thy head with Glory ſhe will ſtraightway crown.
But here I'le advertiſe thee firſt of all,
Be ſure you do for the right Siſter call:
For there are two, and both of one Sirname,
The one is lovely fair, the other lame.
The one is common, th' other chaſt and pure,
And will be true to thee thou mayſt be ſure.
The one will dwell where ſin predominates,
The other loaths, and bitterly it hates,
And makes a thorow-change where ſhe doth dwell,
And will all filth out of that heart expel,
Where ſhe doth take up her ſure reſting-place;
Rare is the nature of true ſaving Grace.
Thy ſtubborn will ſhe'l make for to ſubmit,
And thy affections change as ſhe thinks fit.
Thy heart ſhe can new-mould, and make it ſoft,
And will bring down each high and ſinful thought.
The Old-man ſhe will into pieces tear,
She'l cut and kill, and nothing will ſhe ſpare,
That's oppoſite unto the Prince of Light,
She'l put the Devil to a ſpeedy flight;
She'l make him leave his ſtrongeſt Hold, and run,
And quite forſake his former Gariſon.
She'l take no pity on the Old-man's Age,
She'l pay him off for all his wrath and Rage.
And curſed Malice, Pride and every Sin,
Which of long-time he has the Author bin.

'Tis

'Tis she can work upon the Covetous,
And change his heart to keep an open-house,
To give and to distribute of his store,
To th' cloathing and refreshing of the Poor.
'Tis she brings down the proud and lofty mind,
Which naturally was to that vice inclin'd.
'Tis she can tame the wild strong-headed Youth,
And make the Lyar always tell the truth.
'Tis she which makes the froward very meek,
And the revengeful not revenge to seek.
'Tis she which quenches Young-men's lustful fire,
And makes them to disdain that base desire.
'Tis she will make thy Soul for to defie
Each *Dalila*, and all Hypocrisie.
She's like to Oyl and Wine, and will give peace
And inward joy, which never more shall cease.
'Tis she must put Christ's blessed Robes on thee,
And bring thy Soul out of Captivity.
'Tis she must thee adorn and beautifie,
And make thee lovely in Christ Jesus Eye.
Oh! she'l inflame thy Soul with pretious love
To Christ alone, which none shall ne're remove.
'Tis she which tyes that conjugal blest knot,
Which can't be broke, nor ever be forgot.
'Tis she that makes Christ and the Saints but one,
And makes them of his very flesh and bone.
'Tis she will help thee in this time of need,
Yea, a Disciple will make thee indeed.
And this to thee also I must declare,
Thou of this *Grace* shalt have a part and share.

Since 'twas for thee thy pretious Lord did dy,
He can't thy Soul of saving Grace deny.
Give him no rest, 'till more he doth give forth,
For to compleat in thee the second Birth.
Be earnest with him, strive to hold him fast,
And thou, like *Jacob*, wilt prevail at last.
Though he at first may seem to stop his Ear,
Yet importunity will make him hear.
Thy time I'me sure it is the time of love,
And thy deep wounds will make him from above
To pity thee, and for to cast an eye,
As thou polluted in thy blood dost lye;
What e're is needful to thee he will give,
And raise thee up to life, and make thee live;
Yea, manifest to thee such consolation,
As for to cloath thee with his own Salvation.
Come, make a tryal, and do not despair,
Look up to Heaven, Soul, thy help is there.

Youth.

Thy Counsel I resolve to take with speed,
If 'twas for me Christ on the Cross did bleed;
I will send up a sigh, a bitter groan,
And earnestly implore his gratious Throne.
Most Holy God, who dwellest in the light!
Ah! what am I before thee in thy sight?
Wilt thou attend, or listen to my Cry?
Thou knowest my grief, and where my pain doth lye.
Canst thou not ease my deeply wounded Soul,
Who in my blood am forc'd to lye and roul?

Is there no Balm in Gilead, *is there none?*
Into dark ſilence then, Lord, I'le be gone.
Where are thy Bowels, is thy Mercy fled?
Lord, think upon the blood Chriſt Jeſus ſhed;
If thou can't heal my Soul of all its grief,
Then let me periſh without all relief.
Why were thy ſides pierced, Lord Jeſus, why?
Didſt ſuffer for thy own Iniquity?
There was no ſin, I'me ſure, nor guilt in thee
That caus'd thy pains; didſt thou not dye for me?
Didſt thou not juſtice fully ſatisfy,
And pay the Debt? Muſt I in Priſon lye,
When Reſtitution's made in th' higheſt degree?
Oh! come and ſet my Soul at liberty.
Knock off theſe bolts and chains, and bring me forth
Out of this pit, deep Mire, and bands of Death.
Lord, muſt I bleed? did I not bleed before
In thy ſad Wound? can juſtice challenge more?
O! ſhall my heart-ſtrings break? my Soul doth groan:
I languiſh Lord, whilſt thou ſtand'ſt looking on.
Lord, doſt thou hear the Ravens when they cry?
And wilt thou not my preſent wants ſupply?
Wilt thou the door of Mercy ne're unlock?
Lord, open unto me, now I do knock.
O Son of David, *help; think on thy Word,*
And unto me ſome Mercy, Lord, afford.

Jesus.

What voice is this? who is't that makes this cry?
What sinful Wretch is in extremity,
That thus implores for help, and follows me?
That takes no nay, although I silent be?

Youth.

Lord, 'tis a poor dejected piece of Earth,
That is undone, and sighs for a new-birth.

Jesus.

Was I not sent only to Jacob's *race?*
How com'st thou then to have so bold a face
To importune me, when ye know full well
You are not of the stock of Israel?
Come you not of the cursed Gentile *seed?*
Be gone from me, and further don't proceed.

Youth.

Ah? help, dear Lord, and some compassion show,
For to whom else, or whither can I go?

Jesus.

Is't meet that I should give to Dogs that Bread,
With which the Children should be nourished?

Youth.

True, Lord, that I do grant, and ever shall:
Yet may the Dogs eat up those Crums which fall
from

From their own Master's Table: though a whelp,
Lord, look on me, O precious Saviour, help.

Jesus.

What ailest thou, poor Soul, what's thy condition,
Which makes thee shed these tears of sad contrition?

Youth.

My grief, my pain, and great extremitie,
Lord, thou dost know, and all my wants dost see.
Ah! I have sinn'd, and am so vile and base,
I hate my self, and loath my present case.
I am a lump of filth, wholly unclean,
A viler Creature there has never been.
I languish, Lord, my wounds they are not small:
And I have wounded thee, that's worst of all.

Jesus.

Come, cease thy grief, what is't thou dost desire?
My Soul doth melt, my heart is set on fire;
My bowels yearn, I longer can't refrain
From tears, as well as thee I am in pain:
Thy wounds afflict me, and thy bitter cry
Doth pierce my heart, I know thy misery.
What is it, Soul? speak forth thy mind to me;
What dost thou crave, or shall I do for thee?
Come, ope thy heart to me, for I am nigh
Thy suit to grant, thy wants for to supply.

Youth.

Youth.

'Tis not for Riches, nor for Pleasures here,
Nor Honours, which by men so prized are,
Nor length of days, Lord do I seek or crave,
'Tis something else my Soul doth long to have.
The Earth's a blast, and all this World's a bubble:
There's nothing in't can ease me of my trouble.
Such is my state, nought but thy hand can save,
'Tis thou must raise dead *Laz'rus* from the grave.
Knock off these bolts, and set thy Prisoner free.
And give thy Grace (Lord Jesus) unto me.
My fainting Spirit comfort and refresh,
O Spare my Soul, but crucifie the flesh;
Compleat thy Work (Lord Jesus) on my heart,
And thy own Righteousness to me impart,
There's nought I see will do me any good,
Save the dear Merit of thy precious blood.
My bleeding Soul will faint away and dy,
If thou dost not thy blood with speed apply.
How has my panting breast sent many groan,
With bitter tears, up to thy gracious Throne,
For one sweet look and aspect of thine eye?
There's nothing else which will me satisfie:
Oh! manifest thy Love unto my Soul,
For that will cure me, and soon make me whole.
My gasping Soul's dissolved into tears.
Whiles pleas'd with hopes, and yet possess'd with fears:
My great request, alas! is only this,
Come seal thy Love to me with a sweet kiss:

For

For nought is there in Earth, nor Heaven above,
Which I esteem or Value like thy Love.
A Promise grant, some word to lie upon,
Before my life and little hopes are gone,
My Soul's afraid, and trembles thou dost see,
Before I know how I unworthy be:
Ah! I have made thee bleed, I am so vile;
Thy frowns I do deserve but not one smile
How did I grieve and put thy Soul to pain!
The thoughts of it doth cut my heart in twain.
Thy Messengers, how did my Soul refuse!
And my poor Conscieuce wickedly abuse:
Who did receive Commission from above,
Either to clear, or sharply to reprove.
I unto *Truth* oft-times turn'd a deaf ear,
And unto *Satan* rather did adhere.
I slighted thee, and sin I did embrace,
Which shames me greatly to look in thy face.
If thou shouldst pardon such a one as I,
And save my Soul to all Eternity,
And me imbrace in a contract of love,
And all thy wrath for ever quite remove:
It would be Grace and Love beyond degree,
And such which never can expressed be,
O, wilt thou speak again! dear Saviour do,
A Promise, Lord, or I'le not let thee go.

Jesus.

What Faith hast thou, poor Soul, canst thou believe,
And stedfastly my benefits receive?

Dost think that I have pow'r and a heart
To save, to help, and free thee from thy smart?

Youth.

My Faith, alas! is weak, O send relief!
Lord, I believe, O help my unbelief!
That precious Voice which I did lately hear,
Will soon remove my doubts, and all my fear.
If Love as well as pity thou dost show,
'Twill give me joy, and take away my woe.
But thou may'st, Lord, my Soul commiserate,
And yet may I be in a dying state.
Over *Jerusalem* thou didst lament,
Who had no saving Grace for to repent.
Is there in thee such bowels of compassion,
As to bestow thy self and thy Salvation
On such a Worm as I, whose wounded breast,
Is heavy loaded, and would fain have rest?
O help, dear Lord; my fainting Soul will dy,
Without an answer from the speedily,

Jesus.

Look up to me, and see my Love descending,
'Tis from Eternity, and has no ending.
Canst thou have more, dear Soul! thou hast my heart;
What e're is mine, to thee I will impart.
Thy scarlet sins are washed quite away,
Not one of them unto thy charge I'le lay.
Pull up thy drooping heart, be of good cheer,
Thy sins, though ne're so great, forgiven are,

I able

I able am to save to th' uttermost,
All those who do in me put all their trust.
Those which do come to me, I in no wise
Will cast them out, therefore lift up thine eyes:
Behold my hands and feet, and do not doubt,
For I have washt and cleans'd thy Soul throughout.
Thy debts I've paid, and quitted the old score;
Thy former faults I'le ne're remember more.
Enter the Royal Fort, thou hast obtain'd
Th' fountain of pleasure, holy love unstain'd:
Take up thy lodging in Eternal Love.
What's here below? thy treasure is above.
Chear up, poor heart, I tell thee thou art mine,
My blood was shed to save that Soul of thine:
With endless joys thy Soul I'le satisfie,
And in my Bosom ever shalt thou lie.
In my enfolded Arms I now thee take,
And do engage I'le never thee forsake.
In th' fire and in the water I'le be neer,
And help thee through all grief and troubles here:
Yea, I'le be with thee always to the end,
And Death at last I'le cause to be thy Friend;
And make its passage also unto thee,
Only an entrance to felicitie.
Rivers of Pleasures thou shalt have to th' brim,
Wherein the Prophets and Apostles swim:
And with great Glory thou shalt crowned be,
And on the Throne sit down also with me.
World, Death, nor Devil ever shall remove
My heart from thee, for those I truly love,

I love

I love to th' end: Ah! Soul 'tis thou shalt lie,
In my own Arms to all Eternitie.

Youth.

Darkness is gone, day-light begins to spring;
Heavens melody I find's the sweetest thing.
The Sun is risen now, it is broke forth.
And gloriously inlightens my dark earth.
My Soul is ravish'd with this joyful sight,
Yea, and dissolv'd with love and true delight;
My heart is melted with Cœlestial fire,
And has obtain'd at length it's own desire.
My frozen Soul must needs run down amain,
Which such hot beams from *Jesus* doth obtain;
The door is open'd, Christ has giv'n a knock
Has made it fly, and hath dissolv'd the rock.
My heart which was so hard is made to yield,
Christ has o'recome me now and won the field.
The War is ceas'd between the Lord and I,
A Peace is made to all Eternity.
What joy is this! Ah, 'tis beyond all measure!
There's nothing like to inward joy and pleasure.
As was my burden, so I find my rest,
O that was great! and this can't be expresst.
What heart can taste of these transendent joys,
And not accout Earth's pleasures empty toys!
Such is the nature of a second birth.
Makes Heav'n on Earth, turns sorrow into mirth.
Once was I blind, senseless, bewitch'd, nay, mad;
I thought in Christ no comfort could be had,

Religion

Religion was, I thought, a fooliſh thing,
Which could no pleaſure nor no profit bring.
I thought Profeſſors greatly were miſled,
When I beheld what things they ſuffered:
But I am now convinc'd of my miſtake,
For I my ſelf could, For Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
Any deriſion or Affliction bear,
Such inward peace in him, and joy is there.
What man would not all earthly glory ſlight,
For one ſmall dram, or taſte of ſuch delight?
To have Chriſt's Love, and in his boſom lie,
Yields true content, and ſweet felicitie.
Ah happy I, I live! my Soul's involv'd,
In ſecret raptures, ſighs to be diſſolv'd,
And be with Chriſt my home and reſting-place,
For to injoy and ſee him face to face.
And in the int'rim, Lord, whilſt here I ſtay,
I faithfully will do what thou doſt ſay.
And help me, Lord, thy praiſe for to declare
To all precious Children far and near.
O help me to lift up my voice on high!
Let joyfull *Hallelujahs* pierce the sky,
And eccho back again, reſound on Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought in me the ſecond birth:
Let me with the Cœleſtial Angels ſing,
And make thy Praiſes round the world to ring!
Thou'ſt brought my Soul out of th' loweſt Pit,
And in the paths of *Sion* ſet my feet!
Thou haſt from Darkneſs brought me into Light,
And to mine eyes thou haſt reſtored ſight!

Nay,

Nay, haſt my Soul ſav'd from Eternal death,
And ſhall not I thy praiſes, Lord, ſing forth?
O let my tongue, my heart, and life make known
The favour, Lord, which to me thou haſt ſhown!
Let me aloft, by thy bleſt Grace, aſpire
To ſound thy praiſe with the Cœleſtial Quire!
With ſwift wing'd *Cherubims*, Lord, let me joyn,
To magnifie that glorious Name of thine.
Let not remainers of the fleſh diſturb
My precious peace, that's new: O do thou curb,
Yea, kill and crucifie each evil thought,
With vengeance let thoſe Rebels down be brought.
And let me on the Earth live all my days
Unto thy Glory and tranſcendent praiſe.
And then great God, when theſe ſhort days are o're
With *Seraphims* I'le ſing for evermore.

Truth.

What Melody and Triumph do I hear?
Whoſe voice is this that ſoundeth in mine ear?
What Eagle-ey'd Soul's this that ſoars on high,
That with ſwift-wings aloft doth mount and fly;
And in Eternal Love ſeems to lie down,
Adorn'd with Grace, And raviſh'd with the Crown
Of inward Peace? that taketh up its reſt
At Jeſus Chriſt's ſweet ſatisfying breaſt,
And breaking forth in raptures, can't expreſs,
As he would do, his humble thankfulneſs?

Youth.

Youth.

'Tis I, bleſt *Truth*, the Conqueſt now is wone,
Grace has prevail'd, I am the conquer'd one:
My grief is turn'd to joy, yea and my night
Is alſo chang'd into Eternal Light.
Thy power's great, when *Grace* doth work with thee,
Ye ſoon do then obtain the victorie.
Bleſt be the day that ever thou waſt ſent,
To change my heart, and move me to repent!
Dear love to thee, O *Truth*, I ſhall retain
So long as I upon the Earth remain.
I'le keep thee cloſe, and hide thee in my heart,
For thou more precious than rich Jewels art.
I'le loſe my All before I'le part with thee,
So much I love and prize thy companie.
Though Satan ſtir up foes never ſo cruel,
Devils nor Men ſhall rob me of this Jewel,
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dy,
Before I will God's bleſſed Truth deny.
Though of Deceivers there's a multitude,
Yet none of them ſhall my poor Soul delude.
Though they do thee reproach, ſlight and contemn
I by Exper'ence can refute all them,
Who ſay thy words nought but dead letters are,
Which men may burn, or into pieces tare:
The out-ſide of the Book they only ſee,
Who thus do ſpeak reproachfully of thee:
For did they but thy inward power know,
They'd never ſpeak, as oftentimes they do:

But ſoon they would God's written Word extol,
Above that Light which they cry up in all.
The Light which *Conſcience* unto me doth give,
I'le alwayes own as long as I do live,
But from God's Word doth its chief light deſcend?
Therefore the Holy Scriptures I'le commend:
For had we not God's Word to light our hearts,
The Heathens which do live in Forreign parts,
Who never heard of Chriſt, might underſtand
As much as any do in this our Land:
Alas! we ſhould have been unto this day,
In all reſpects as Ignorant as they.
But I'le forbear, becauſe I muſt with ſpeed
Attend upon God's Truth with care and heed,
To hear what he will ſay; O *Truth* wilt thou
Concerning me ſhew forth thy Judgment now
I do intreat thee prove me thoroughly,
For ſtill I do retain a jealouſie.
Over my heart, becauſe that I have ſeen
How I deceived oftentimes have been.

Truth.

Conſcience, to thee I muſt once more deſcend,
The Controverſie thou alone muſt end:
How is it with him now? what doſt thou ſay?
Haſt any thing unto his Charge to lay?
Remember what I formerly have ſhown,
And let thy preſent thoughts with ſpeed be known.

Conſcience.

I always ready am Judgment to give,
According to the Light I do receive,
And never was more free than now am I
My thoughts to ſhew; your ſuit I can't deny.
O Sir! the caſe is chang'd; I am his Friend,
His ſweet Condition I muſt needs commend.
Grace has ſubdu'd corruption in his heart,
That he's made clean, and waſh'd in every part,
My teſtimony you may take for truth,
He's now become a very humble Youth;
He's truly Godly, Faithful, and Sincere,
I do for him, and ſhall my witneſs bear:
All kind of Evil doth his Soul defie,
And hates above all things Hypocriſie:
Will and Affections now are changed quite,
That in the Lord alone is his delight.
There's no Commands of Chriſt, not any one
That he's convinced of, but he has done:
He faithfully alſo the Lord obeys,
Without excuſes, put-offs, or delays.
He grieveth moſt for ſins that ſecret are,
Which unto men do not i'th' leaſt appear.
He's more in ſubſtance than he is in ſhow,
When high'ſt in joy, his heart is very low.
All his own Righteouſneſs he doth diſown,
And does rely on Jeſus Chriſt alone.
Chriſt is become ſo precious in his ſight,
He's firſt with him i'th' morn, and laſt at night.

He willingly has taken up the Croſs,
And doth account what e're is his but droſs;
And parts with it moſt freely, Chriſt to gain,
Since he hath found Earth's beſt injoyments vain.
Chriſt he exalts as King i' th' high'ſt degree,
And gives each Office its full dignitie.
He uſes me alſo moſt tenderly,
Becauſe he knows that my Authority
Is from above, it is for Jeſus ſake
He ſides with me, and doth reſolve to take
My part alwayes, what ere he doth ſuſtain,
He'l rather ſuffer than wound me again.
Chriſt has in me ſet up his bleſſed Throne,
And over me no other King he'l own:
Chriſt muſt alone in me the Scepter ſway,
And he will die before he'l give a way
Chriſt's Right and Soveraignty in his dear Soul.
He is reſolv'd to ſuffer no controul,
In things alone which to me appertain,
Fear leſt thereby Chriſt's Glory he ſhould ſtain.

Truth.

Oh! happy young-man! bleſſed from above,
Bleſſed with Grace, and raviſht with the love
Of thy Eternal Lord, in whoſe ſweet breaſt
Thou now doſt lie, and evermore ſhalt reſt.
Thy Honor's laſting, now it can't decay,
Thy Treſure's ſure, Thieves cannot ſteal't away:
Thy Pleaſures are beyond thought or conceit,
And thy rare Beauty is without deceit.

Thy

Thy *Strength*, thy Wiſdom, nor thy Youth ſhall
Nor canſt thou die, thou art immortal made. (fade,
Eternal Life is given unto thee,
And thou ſhalt reign to all Eternitie.

Vicinus.

There's none on Earth is able to expreſs,
The inward peace this Young-man doth poſſeſs;
VVhilſt to his joy, he clearly doth eſpy
This bleſſed Concord, and rare Harmony:
Conſcience and *Truth* moſt ſweetly do agree,
He's free'd from Bondage and Captivitie.
Chriſt's *Spirit* doth with *Conſcience* witneſs bear,
He's born of God, and is become an Heir
(VVith his dear *Saviour*) of Eternal bliſs:
VVhat Conſolation can there be like this?
But whilſt thus fill'd with joy and true delight,
The Devil falls on him with all his might;
VVith ſtrong aſſaults, his Faith for to deſtroy,
VVhich much abates, and mitigates his joy:
But *Satan* failing in his Enterprize,
In one reſpect, another way he tries;
And with malicious threats, he breaketh forth,
Spitting his venome and his helliſh wrath:
VVhich in ſome meaſure may to you appear,
By what immediately doth follow here.

Devil.

Heark, heark, thou curſed wretch, vengeance is mine,
And I'le repay't upon that Soul of thine;

In dreadful wrath I will contend with thee,
If thou wilt not again ſubmit to me.
Will not my ſhining Glory thee invite,
Nor all my Agents fell thy Soul affright,
To leave thoſe curſed ways in which you go?
Then I le ſome way contrive your overthrow.
Though out of your Dominions I am beat,
And forced am at preſent to Retreat;
Yet I'le return like to a Lion ſtrong.
And break thy bones in pieces ere't be long.

Youth.

Father of Lyes; do'ſt think I dread thy frown,
'Tis paſt thy skill to throw my Glory down;
Thy head is broke, thou art a beaten Foe,
And chained up; alas! thou canſt not do
According to thy wrath and curſed ſpight,
Chriſt's Pow'r is mine, who ſtronger is in Might;
Me he'l not leave, though tempted am by thee,
Yet he knows how to help and ſuccour me.
What matter is't although thou art inraged,
When the great Pow'r of Heaven is ingaged
To ſide with me always, and take my part:
Though thou a Lion and a Serpent art,
Yet may'ſt as ſoon the Lord of Life o'recome,
As to produce or work my final Doom,
So long as I do for his Glory ſtand,
And am obedient to his bleſt Command.

Devil.

Devil.

But I have ſo much craft and ſubtilty,
That I can make the Lord thine Enemy;
Though thou do'ſt think he is become thy Friend,
I'le by temptation move thee to offend
Him ere't be long; and ſoon you will eſpy
In's anger you he'l caſt off utterly:
And then I'le tear and rend you as I liſt,
And you ſhall have no power to reſiſt.

Youth.

God has beſtow'd on me his precious Grace,
That I abhor the thoughts of giving place
To thee, O Satan, though thou doſt intice;
God will preſerve my Soul from deadly vice:
But if through weakneſs him I ſhould offend,
In bowels he'l to me his Pardon ſend.
Chriſt is my Advocate; God will paſs by
All ſins of Weakneſs and Infirmity.
Although he uſe the Rod, his precious Love
I'm ſure from me he never will remove.

Devil.

Your hopes will fail, alas! black clouds will hide
Your glorious Sun, your ſteps will quickly ſlide:
Your morning's bright, but ſoon 'twill over-caſt,
And all your joy will ſcarce a moment laſt.
Though Truth *doth now thy preſent ſtate commend,*
Yet you will find the Proverb true i'th' end.

That the young Saint will an old Devil be:
You'l die and periſh in Apoſtaſie.

Youth.

'Cauſe thou haſt loſt thy former happy ſtate,
With malice thou ſtir'ſt up thy bitter hate
Againſt my Soul, thou ſhew'ſt thy wicked ſpight,
But thy vile teeth are broke, thou canſt not bite.
Thou doſt on me caſt forth an envious frown,
Becauſe thou haſt for ever loſt thy Crown.
Becauſe thy morning's turned into night,
Doſt think thou ſhalt my *Soul* amaze and fright
VVith ſuch inſnaring thoughts? I thee defie,
Nothing can break that bleſſed Band and Tie,
Or Covenant which Chriſt with me has made,
My ſtanding's firm, my Crown can never fade.
He that has in my *Soul* this work begun.
VVill finiſh it 'me ſure e're he has done.
There's ne're a Lamb or *Sheep* of his dear fold,
But he will keep, he has of them ſuch hold,
That in the midſt of danger they ſhall ſtand,
And none ſhall pluck them out of his ſtrong hand:
They by his Pow'r are kept in ev'ry Nation,
'Till they are ſafely brought unto *Salvation*.
Upon the Rock of Ages I am placed,
And my foundation never can be razed
Though Mountains ſhould depart, and Hills remove,
Yet Chriſt will never change in his dear Love.
Nor cauſe his Covenant of laſting peace
To be remov'd, not his ſweet Mercy ceaſe.

The

The *Truth* and *Conſcience* both joyntly agree,
That the new-birth is truly wrought in me.
Th' Immortal *Seed* I'me ſure muſt needs bring forth
A Babe Immortal; and my Heav'nly birth
Doth ſhew to all, and clearly ſignifie,
I cannot periſh in Apoſtacy.
The Head and Members of one Nature are,
Or elſe Chriſt's Body a ſtrange Monſter were,
As ſure as he's in Heaven, ſo ſhall I,
And reign with him to all Eternity.

Devil.

My words I ſee no place at all can find
Within the Center of thy evil mind:
I'le leave thee therefore with my dreadful Curſe,
Which is as bad as Hell, nay, it is worſe
Than all the Plagues of the infernal Lake;
And let all thoſe who love me, vengeance take
Upon ſo vile a Wretch: and though I do
Forſake thee now, within a day or two
I'le come again, and will thy Soul torment,
Till thou of thy Repentance ſhalt Repent

Youth.

O Lord, I praiſe thee for that glorious Pow'r,
VVhich helpt my *Soul* in ſuch a needful hour
Of ſtrong aſſaults from the vile wicked one;
Thou help'ſt me to reſiſt him, and he's gone.
Therefore, dear God, be pleaſed to inflame
My heart with Grace to magnifie thy Name:

And

And when he comes again, O then be near,
And let thy *Truth* alſo for me appear:
Though I am young and weak, I ſhall thereby
Not fear th' aſſaults of any Enemy.
Come, ſpeak, O *Truth*, wilt ſtill be on my ſide?
'Tis in thy ſtrength I very much confide.
Though I am feeble, thou art mighty ſtrong;
And whilſt for me, there's none can do me wrong.

Truth.

I will, dear Soul, ſupport thee whilſt on Earth,
And ſave thee from the rage of Hell and Death:
I will aſſiſt thee by a mighty Arm,
And keep thee day and night from hurt and harm;
And with my glitt'ring Sword cut down and ſlay
All curſed Enemies who thee gain-ſay.

Grace.

If *Truth* ſhould faill, I will thy wants ſupply,
Thou need'ſt not doubt of my ſufficiency.
Light I will be in Darkneſs, Joy in Grief,
And when in Trouble great, I'le bring Relief.
If alwaies thou doſt on my Arm rely,
The *Devil* will be forc'd with ſpeed to fly.
Never on me did any Soul depend,
But they obtain'd Deliv'rance in the end.
I'll help thy Soul through all its Chriſtian ſtrife,
And bring thee ſafe to Everlaſting Life.

Con-

Conſcience.

I'le be the *third* that will lend thee an hand,
Wee'l all combine to make a triple band.
A threefold Cord can't eaſily broken be,
I'le be a Friend in thine Adverſitie.
There's not a Foe on Earth thou needſt to fear,
So long as I for thee my witneſs bear,
That thou in Truth doſt walk before the Lord,
And that thy ways do with his Word accord;
The evil Foe will be aſhamed quite,
Whilſt faithfully thou walk'ſt up to thy Light;
And Satan never can get any ground,
Whilſt I declare thy heart is truly ſound.
Clear up, poor Soul, I'le feaſt thee conſtantly,
And plead for thee before the Enemy.
My ſweeteſt wine alſo I'le keep to th' end,
At death I will thy Soul with that befriend.
God's Word that is thy ground in every thing,
His Glory is thy aim, from thence doth ſpring
All ſervice thou doſt do towards the Lord,
His Spirit therefore to thee he'l afford,
That doth bear witneſs for thee, ſo do I,
And will alſo when thou do'ſt come to dy.

The Young-man experiencing Converſion truly wrought in his Soul, and that he's delivered from the Power of the Tempter, breaks forth into theſe following Hymns *of Prayer and Praiſes to God.*

A Myſtical

A Myſtical Hymn of Thangsgiving.

MY Soul mounts up with Eagles wings,
And unto thee, dear God, ſhe ſings;
Since thou art on my ſide,
My Enemies are forc'd to fly,
As ſoon as they do thee eſpy;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou makeſt Rich by making Poor,
By Poverty add'ſt to my Store;
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
Thou wound'ſt as well as thou mak'ſt whole,
And heal'ſt by wounding of the Soul;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou mak'ſt men blind by giving ſight,
And turn'ſt their darkneſs into light:
Theſe things can't be deny'd.
Thou cloath'ſt the Soul by making bare,
And giv'ſt in food when none is there;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

Thou killeſt by making alive,
By dying do'ſt the Soul revive,
Which none can do beſide:
Thou doſt raiſe up by pulling down,
And by abaſing, thou doſt crown:
Thy Name be magnify'd.

By

By making bitter thou mak'ſt ſweet,
And mak'ſt each crooked thing to meet,
I' th' Soul which thou haſt try'd:
The fruitleſs tree thou mak'ſt to grow,
And the green tree doſt overthrow;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

The conquered the conqueſt gains;
By being beat, the field obtains,
Which makes me therefore cry,
Lord, while I live upon the Earth,
Since thou haſt wrought the ſecond birth,
Thy Name I'le magnify.

Thou mak'ſt men wiſe by 'coming foolls;
By emptying, thou fill'ſt their Souls,
Such Grace doſt thou provide:
By making weary, thou giv'ſt reſt,
That which ſeem'd worſt, proves for the beſt;
Thy Name be glorifi'd.

Thou art far off, and alſo neer,
And not confin'd, but ev'ry where.
And on the clouds doſt ride.
O thou art Love, aud alſo Light;
There's none can go out of thy ſight;
Thy Name be magnify'd.

Lord, thou art great and alſo good,
And ſit'ſt upon the mighty flood,
By whom all hearts are try'd:
Though thou art Three, yet art but One,
And comprehended art of none;
Thy Name be glorify'd.

The Excellency of Peace of Conſcience.

MY *Conſcience* is become my Friend,
And chearfuly doth ſpeak to me,
And I will to his motions bend,
Although that I reproached be:
I matter not who doth revile,
Since *Conſcience* in my face doth ſmile,

My *Conſcience* now doth give me reſt,
My burden's gone, my Soul is free;
Again I would not be oppreſt
In the old bands of miſerie,
For Kingdoms, nor for Crowns of Gold,
Nor any thing which can be told.

My *Conſcience* doth with precious food,
Feed my poor Soul continually;
Its dainties alſo are ſo good,
All ſinful ſweets I do defy:
This Banquet's laſting, 'twill ſupply
My wants, and feaſt me till I die.

My *Conſcience* doth me chearful make,
When I am much poſſeſt with grief;
And when I ſuffer for its ſake,
'Twill yield me joy and ſweet relief:
Though troubles riſe, and much increaſe,
I in my *Conſcience* ſhall have peace.

When others to the Mountains fly,
And ſore amaz'd do trembling ſtand:

A

A place of ſhelter then have I,
And *Conſcience* will lend me its hand,
To lock me in the Chambers faſt,
Till th' Indignation's over-paſt.

At Death, and in the Judgment Day,
What would men give for ſuch a Friend!
All thoſe which do him diſobey,
They'l it repent I'm ſure i' th' end:
When ſuch are forc'd to howl and cry,
My Soul ſhall ſing continually.

An Hymn on the Six Principles of Chriſt's Doctrine. Heb. 6. 1, 2.

REpentance is wrought in my Soul,
And Faith for to believe;
Whereby on Jeſus I do roul,
And truly him receive.

As my dread Lord and Sovereign,
Him always to obey;
And in all things o're me to reign,
And govern night and day.

Chriſt's Baptiſme it is very ſweet,
With Laying on of Hands:
My Soul is brought to Jeſus feet,
In owning his Commands.

Thoſe Ordinances men oppoſe,
And count as carnal things;

I have

I have clos'd with, and tell't to thoſe,
From them rare comfort ſprings.

My precious Lord I muſt obey,
Though men reproach me ſtill;
I'le do whatever Chriſt doth ſay,
and yield unto his will.

On Chriſt alone I do rely,
Though men judge otherwiſe;
Becauſe I can't God's Truth deny,
I am reproach'd with lyes.

Let them deride, yet for Chriſt's ſake
Reſolved now am I,
In his own ſtrength the Croſs to take,
Yea, and for him to dy.

Before I'le ever turn my back
On him whom I do love;
For I do know I ſhall not lack
His Preſence from above.

For he has Promis'd to the end,
To me he will be near;
And be to me a faithful Friend,
Which makes me not to fear.

Whatever Men or Devils do
In ſecret place deſign,
He ſoon can them quite overthrow,
And help this Soul of mine.

The Reſurrection of the Dead
I conſtantly maintain;

When all thoſe which lie buried,
Shall riſe to life again,
And that the Judgment Day will come,
When Chriſt upon the Throne
Shall paſs a black Eternal Doom,
Upon each Wicked one.
But all the Saints then joyfully
With Bowels he'l embrace,
And Crowns to all Eternity
Upon their Heads he'l place,
And in the Kingdom ſhall they reign,
Prepared long before;
And alſo ſhall with Chriſt remain,
In bliſs for evermore.

A Spiritual Hymn.

THe Sun doth now begin to ſhine,
And breaketh forth yet more and more,
Mere darkneſs was that Light of mine,
Which I commended heretofore.
I was involved in my ſin;
Had day without, but night within.

My former days I did compare,
Unto the ſweet and lovely Spring;
I thought That time it was as rare,
As when the chirping Birds do ſing:
But I was blind, I now do ſee
There was no Spring nor Light in me,

My Spring it was the Winter-time,
Yea, like the midſt of cold *December*;
The Sun was gone out of my Clime,
And alſo I do now remember
My heart was cold as any ſtone,
My leaves were off, and ſap was gone.

God is a Sun, a Shield alſo,
The Glory of the World is He;
True Light alone from him doth flow,
And he has now enlightned me:
The Sun doth his ſweet beams diſplay,
Like to the dawning of the day.

How precious is't to ſee the Sun,
When in the morning it doth riſe,
And ſhineth in our Horizon,
To th' clearing of the cloudy Skies!
The miſty Fogs by his ſtrong Light,
Are vaniſh'd quite out of our ſight.

Thus doth the Lord in my poor heart,
By his ſtrong beams and glorious rayes,
The light from darkneſs clearly part,
And makes in me rare ſhining dayes.
Though Fogs appear and Clouds do riſe,
He doth expel them from mine eyes.

Were there no glorious Lamp above,
What dark confuſion would be here?
If God ſhould quite the Sun remove,
How would the Seaman do to ſteer?
My Soul's the World, and Chriſt's the Sun,
If he ſhines not, I am undone.

In Winter things hang down their head,
Until *Sol*'s beams do them revive;
So I in ſin lay buried,
Till Jeſus Chriſt made me alive:
Alas my heart was Ice and *Snow*,
Till *Sun* did ſhine, and Winds did blow.

Until warm Gales of Heav'nly Wind
Did ſweetly blow, and *Sun* did dart
Its Light in me, I could not find
No heat within my inward part;
Then blow thou Wind, and ſhine thou *Sun*,
To make my *Soul* a lively one.

In nat'ral men there is a Light,
VVhich for their ſins doth them reprove;
And yet are they but in the night,
And not renewed from above:
The Moon is given (it is clear)
To guide men who in darkneſs are,

The *Sun* for brightneſs doth exceed
The *Stars* of Heaven, or the Moon;
Of them there is but little need,
VVhen *Sun* doth ſhine towards high-noon.
Juſt ſo the Goſpel doth excel,
The Law God gave to *Iſrael*.

All thoſe who do the Goſpel ſlight,
And rather have a Legal guide;
The *Sun*'s not riſen in their ſight,
And therefore 'tis that they deride
Thoſe who commend the Goſpel-*Sun*,
Above the Light in ev'ry one.

Degrees of Light, I do perceive
Some of them weak, and others ſtrong;
That which is ſaving none receive,
But thoſe who unto Chriſt belong:
Yet doth each Light ſerve for the end,
For which to man God did it ſend.

Divine Breathings.

A Hymn.

LEt not the Sun Eclipſed be;
Nor any dark Cloud interpoſe
Between thy ſelf (dear Chriſt) and me,
Who art that bleſſed *Sharon's* Roſe:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
*S*ince thou by choice haſt made me thine.

Alwayes let me walk in the Light,
Till Grace doth me with Glory crown;
Turn not my morning into night,
Nor ever let my *S*un go down:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
*S*ince by dear purchaſe I am thine.

Let not thick Fogs, O Lord, ariſe
From the groſs Lump of inward Earth,
To th' hiding of the glorious Skies,
The thoughts of that's as bad as Death:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by Adopt'on I am thine.

Lord

Lord, let my morning be more bright,
And my Sun ſhine to th' perfect day.
And let mine eyes have ſtronger ſight,
That I behold its glory may.
O let thy face upon me ſhine;
Since God by Gift has made me thine.

Lord ſhine and make my heart more ſoft,
And temper it, the ſeal to take;
Make it according as it ought,
Lord do it for thy own Name's ſake:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since by ſweet Contract I am thine.

The Light of thy dear Countenance,
It is the thing I only prize;
Let not therefore mine ignorance
Darken the light of my dim eyes:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
Since I by Faith am wholly thine.

O be my Strength, my Light, my Guide,
Alwayes until I come to dy;
And from thy paths ne're let me ſlide,
But light me to Eternity:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I my ſelf to thee reſign.

There's many, Lord, who daily cry,
Oh! who will ſhew us any good?
'Tis in thy ſelf, Lord, it doth ly,
Although by few 'tis underſtood:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I by Conqueſt now am thine, Lord,

Lord in the Light I thee enjoy,
And with thy Saints Communion have,
No Devil can that *S*oul deſtroy,
VVhom thou intendeſt for to ſave:
O let thy face upon me ſhine,
For I can't ſay, Lord, thou art mine.

Let not the *S*un only appear,
For to enlighten my dark heart;
But to poor *S*ouls both far and near,
The ſelf-ſame Glory, Lord, impart:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
As it doth now, dear God, on mine.

Let Light and Glory ſo break forth,
And Darkneſs fly and quite be gone;
That all thy *S*aints upon the Earth,
May in the Truth be joyn'd in one:
O let thy face ſo brightly ſhine,
As to diſcover who are thine.

Let Grace and Knowledge now abound,
And the bleſt Goſpel ſhine ſo clear,
That it *Romes* Harlot may confound,
And Popiſh darkneſs quite caſhier:
O let thy face on *Sion* ſhine,
But plague thoſe curſed Foes of thine.

Let *France*, dark *Spain*, and *Italy*,
Thy Light and Glory, Lord, behold;
To each adjacent Countrey,
Do thou the Goſpel plain unfold:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
That all theſe Nations may be thine.

Let

Let *Chriſtendom* new Chriſt'ned be,
And unto thee O let them turn,
And be Baptiz'd, O Chriſt, by thee
With th' Spirit of the Holy One:
O let thy face upon it ſhine,
That *Chriſtendom* may all be thine.

And carry on thy glorious Work,
Victoriouſly in every Land;
Let *Tartars* and the mighty *Turk*,
Subject themſelves to thy Command:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe blind People may be thine.

And let thy Brightneſs alſo go,
To *Aſia* and to *Africa*;
Let *Egypt* and *Aſſyria* too,
Submit unto thy bleſſed Law:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
That thoſe dark Regions may be thine.

Nay, precious God, let Light extend
To *China* and *Eaſt-India*;
To thee let all the People bend,
Who live in wild *America*:
O let thy bleſſed Goſpel ſhine,
That the blind Heathens may be thine.

Send forth thy Light like to the Morn
Moſt ſwiftly, Lord, O let it fly
From *Cancer* unto *Capricorn*;
That all dark Nations may eſpy
Thy glorious face on them to ſhine,
And they in Chriſt for to be thine.

The Fulneſs of the *Gentiles*, Lord,
Bring in with ſpeed, O let them fear
Thy Name in Truth with one accord,
Live they far off, or live they near:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
And let us know, Lord, who are thine.

And let alſo the glorious news
Of thy Salvat'on, yield relief
Unto the ſad diſtreſſed *Jews*,
Who hardned are in Unbelief:
O let thy face upon them ſhine,
For *Abram's* ſake, that Friend of thine.

O don't forget poor *Iſrael*,
But let thy Light and glorious Rayes
Cauſe their rare Beauty to excel,
Beyond what 'twas in former dayes:
O cauſe thy face ſweetly to ſhine,
That *Jews* and *Gentiles* may be thine.

O let all Kingdoms now with ſpeed,
And all the Nations under Heaven,
From all groſe Darkneſs quite be freed,
And Power to thy Saints be given:
That they in Glory, Lord, may ſhine,
According to that Word of thine.

AN APPENDIX

Containing a Dialogue between an old **Apostate**, and young **Professor**.

Apostate.

HOw many straights and crosses have I met,
Since I my self to seek for *Canaan* set?
Red-Seas and Wilderneſſes lye between;
Why venture I for what I ne'r have seen?
VVhy can I not here where I am Remain?
Or to my old delights turn back again.
My head has been perplext with cares and fears,
Since to theſe Preachers I inclin'd mine ears.
They were but fancies that diſturb'd my mind,
I ſought for ſomething which I could not find.
VVould God in *Egypt* I had ſtill remain'd,
For there's no *Canaan* likely to be gain'd.
Conſcience be ſilent, don't diſturb me more
Upon ſuch things, I will no longer pore,
For back to *Egypt* I will now retire
VVhere I ſhall have things to my hearts deſire

Devil.

Devil.

Purſue thy purpoſe, thou ſhalt underſtand,
What e're I have ſhall be at thy command:
My Kingdom's great, this world is wholly mine,
Bow down to me, and all ſhall then be thine.
Afraid I was I ſhould have loſt thee quite. (ſight.
There's nought like that which here's now in thy
Behold the Bags of Gold which thou ſhalt have,
Honours on earth, riches and pleaſures brave,
When others forc'd in Priſon are to lie;
Thou ſhalt enjoy thy precious liberty.
When Kings and Princes do upon them frown,
Thou ſhalt be held in honour and renown.
Thou haſt much goods laid up for many years,
And long ſhalt live free from all cares and fears.
Thy Seed eſtabliſh'd too ſhall be on Earth,
And thou ſhalt ſpend thy days in joy and mirth,
Thoughts of Religion utterly diſdain,
Nor think of God, or Jeſus Chriſt again.
Phanatick fables never more regard,
The pains of Hell of which thou oft haſt heard,
Are nought ſave fictions of their craſy head.
With fear of nothing are they frightened.
That mad men like, they do tread under feet
Thoſe lovely joys which wiſe men find moſt ſweet.
Religion's nought but a deviſed thing,
Which up at firſt ſome crafty head did bring
To awe the minds of fools, who wanting wit,
Take that for Gold that's a mear counterfeit.

The truth of th' *Scripture* thou haſt cauſe to doubt,
For divers places thou may'ſt ſoon find out
Which inconſiſtent to each other be,
Of what it ſpeaks there is no certaintie.
Conclude in Truth there is no God at all,
Why ſhould'ſt thou be ſo fooliſh as to call
On him, whom thou did'ſt never ſee or know,
Unleſs it's thus; becauſe that moſt do ſo.
Let melancholly fancies now therefore,
Ne're vex thy mind, nor grieve thee any more.
Enjoy thy ſelf on Earth, and heap up Gold,
No good like that which purſe and bags do hold.
Come eat and drink, to morrow thou muſt die,
And afterwards there's no Eternity
As ſome ſuppoſe, for thou i' th' grave ſhalt rot,
And as the Beaſt be utterly forgot:
But ſince you know it is reproach to them,
Who all Religion utterly contemn.
Thou may'ſt Religious alſo ſeem to be,
For there is one that's very fit for thee.
Mellodious ſounds, ſweet mirth, and Muſick rare,
Do much affect the heart, and charm the ear.
No worſhip on the Earth doth ſuit ſo well
With fleſh or blood, or doth for eaſe excell,
Or with man's intereſt doth ſo well agree,
Like what's maintain'd in famous *Italy*.
That, that's the worſhip which for thee I pick,
I'me not againſt thy turning Catholick.
If there's a Heaven, of this thou need'ſt not doubt,
An eaſier way for thee I can't find out.

The

The way's ſo broad, whole Nations walk therein,
And perſons of all ſorts, no let is ſin.
Wer't thou at *Rome*, thou'lt hear melodious ſounds,
Sweet joys and mirth on every ſide abounds:
Fine boys and men raviſhing notes do ſing
Whil'ſt Organs play in Conſort, and Bells ring;
In that brave way thou'lt have thy liberty
To do ſuch things as others do deny.
Thou mayſt be mad, carouſe, and domineer,
Strict Roman Catholicks ſuch things can bear, (curſe
If thou doſt ſwear, drink healths, yea, or ſhould'ſt
There's few i' th' Church would like the e're the
Or if thou ſhould'ſt ſome curious *Lady* ſpy, (worſe.
Or view ſome pretty Maid with wanton eye,
To court or play with her thou needſt not fear,
For venial ſins alas all ſuch things are;
And one great help and remedy thou'lt have,
Which from all grief and danger will thee ſave;
If it fall out by chance at any time (crime,
Thou ſhould'ſt commi ſome great and hainous
There is ſtraight-way the bleſſed Abſolution,
A preſent help, and yet no ſuperſtition.
For a ſmall ſum of mony ſoon is had
A pardon for all ſins, though ne'r ſo bad.
His Holineſs for a few ſhillings can
Murder and Perjury forgive to man;
Nay unto thee can grant a Diſpenſation
To kill and murder any in a Nation;
VVho us and th' holy Church hate and oppoſe,
Come trouble not thy ſelf, but ſtraight-way cloſe

VVith

With this fam'd *Church* to whom ſuch power's given
To ope and ſhut with eaſe the Gates of Heaven.
And make that ſin to day which ne'r was ſin,
And that lawful, which lawful ne'r hath bin.
Come buy thee Beads and Crucifix alſo,
And as the Church believes, believe thou too.
For this I hope to ſee o're a few days,
*S*ome thouſands more cleaving to thoſe old ways,
And thou wilt not ſuch an advantage gain,
As now thou may'ſt with eaſe I am ſure obtain.
And ſince in kindneſs and affection dear,
I've ſhew'd thee how to be preferred here.
And do engage thy faithful friend to be:
There's ſome ſmall thing I'd have thee do for me;
*S*peak evil of the way thou late waſt in,
Believe them all, and charge them too with ſin.
Their faults lay ope, let nought at all be hid,
Revile, reproach, and ſlander in my ſtead:
*S*hew how they differ, that they can't agree,
There's little love and want of Charitie.
Of *Canaan* Land raiſe thou an ill report,
To turn them back who are a going for't
One thing at preſent I would have thee do,
There is a friend of mine which thou doſt know,
VVho hath a *S*on which is indeed his Heir,
That to theſe fooliſh Notions doth adhere
If he ſhould viſit thee, with ſpeed do thou
Treat with the peeviſh youth, I'le teach thee how
To controvert the cauſe, my place ſupply,
And do what I could not do formerly.

His

His forward zeal will do my kingdom wrong,
Cause others also in that way to throng.
And you shall also some derision bear
Through his hot zeal, if that you ha'nt a care.

Vicinus.

The thoughts, which *Satan* darts into his mind,
He closeth with, and fully is inclin'd
His Councel for to take, what e're become
Of his poor Soul at the great day of Doom.
An Atheist he's become in heart and life,
And hath abandon'd all his Christian strife.
He's ready now, and fit for any evil,
An Instrument prepared for the Devil.
But since the Gentleman and he are met,
I will give way, and hearken how they treat
About this youth, that has of late begun,
Resolvedly to Heaven for to run.
You'l hear how this Apostate will ingage,
To turn him from his blessed Pilgrimage.

Apostate.

VVhat my old Friend E. R. Sir, Iam glad
To see you once again, yet I am sad,
And grieved sore, to see you look so ill,
VVhat evil Sir, I pray, has you befel?
VVhat is the cause of this your present grief?
If I can give, or help you to relief,
Or comfort you i' th' least, I willing am,
And shall rejoyce, also I hither came.

Gent.

Gent.

Ah *Sir*, my *Son*, my Heir, doth grieve my mind,
He from whom I moſt comfort hop'd to find,
Contrariwiſe will prove a plague t[illegible]ne,
Unleſs he can with ſpeed recover'd be.
He'l be a Preacher I do think e're long,
He's ſuch a Bookiſh-fool, and ſo headſtrong,
That I have little hopes he'l e're be good;
Here's cauſe of grief, if rightly underſtood.
He is become ſuch a vile Heretick,
That *Rome*'s good Church, and the true Catholick,
Moſt vilely, I perceive, he doth diſdain,
And doth, forſooth, tell me he's born again.
I do beſeech you *Sir*, doe what you can,
If you can't change his mind, there's not a man
I think, in truth, that ever prevail will;
O arm your ſelf therefore, and try your skill;
If you can turn him from theſe waies, then I
*S*hall be ingag'd to you until I die.
You were deceiv'd your ſelf ſome time ago,
And therefore now more able are to ſhow
The vanity of theſe deviſed waies,
And Bookiſh-fables of theſe ſilly daies.
Having the *S*cripture in our Mother-tongue
Has been the ruin of us all along:
For, ſince men did our holy Church forſake,
And up new notions of Religion take,
Nought but confuſion in the VVorld we ſee,
And otherwiſe, in truth, 'twill never be

Un-

Until their Books i' th' fire all do burn,
And they unto the Ancient Church do turn.

Apostate.

I am good S[illegible] of that opinion too,
And sorry am to hear what now you do
Relate to me, and will also in truth
Do what I can to turn that silly youth;
For I can shew, and make him understand
The danger that attends on ev'ry hand.
The hopes of unseen things will him deceive,
And Faith's but a meer fancy I believe:
That's the chief good which man doth here enjoy,
And that's the evil which doth him annoy,
Or doth deprive him of this joy and bliss,
None but Phanaticks will deny me this;
Who boast of that they never did possess;
They lie alas, and are (in truth) no less
Than frantick fools, for I could never see
Of what they speak, there's any certainty.
I will therefore endeavour out of love,
Your Son from these delusions to remove:
And since I do perceive he's neer at hand,
I'le take my leave,

Your Servant to Comman

THE

THE PROLOGUE.

ATtend kind Friend, read with a serious eye,
And thou shalt a sharp Conflict soon espy
Between a man quite void of godly fear,
And a dear youth most holy and sincere.
The one affirms all godliness is vain,
The other counts it for the greatest gain.
Mark thou the end of both, and thou shalt see
What's best to chuse, Grace or Iniquitie.

Apostate.

Well met, good Sir, from whence pray did you come

Professor.

I am a stranger, and am Trav'ling home.

Apostate.

Are you a stranger in this Countery,

Professor.

Yea, as were all our Fathers formerly.

Apostate.

But from whence came ye? let's confer together.

Professor.

From *Egypt* Sir, *Apost.* I am Trav'ling thither.

Apostate.

What is your business, Sir, that thus in pain
You strive against the wind with might and main?
E're further you do go, sit down, account,
See whether that you run for will surmount
The labour great, and loss you will sustain,
Before the price in Truth ye do obtain.
What place is it to which you think to go,
That to advise you I may fully know?
For good instruction to you I'le afford,
When I this thing from you have plainly heard.

Professor.

I am for *Canaan*, that most Holy Land,
I'le travel thither, as God doth command,
Whose worth and value I do know full well,
For Riches it doth far all things excell.
And though all things I lose e're I come there,
'Twill all my losses I am sure repair.
The worth of that therefore for which I run,
I did account before I first begun.

Apostate.

Know you of certain, the place is so rare,
You may mistake, for you were never there.

Pro-

Profeſſor.

Ah *Sir*, of it I have a glorious ſight,
Which doth my *Soul* tranſcendently delight,
Although in perſon there I ne'r have been,
Yet I moſt plain ſweet *Canaan* oft have ſeen:
Beſides, I lately ſpoke with a dear friend,
Who did the other day from thence deſcend;
And unto me it's glory he did ſhow,
It's precious worth from thence I came to know:
Some of its fruit alſo to me he gave,
Which makes me long till I poſſeſſion have.

Apoſtate.

Is't not the fancy of thy craſy-head,
I have likewiſe of ſuch a *Canaan* read;
It may be ſo, or ſo it may not be,
It ne'r ſeem'd real truly unto me.
Who would for things which ſo uncertain are,
Such loſſes ſuffer, and ſuch labour bear.
A Bird i'th' hand's worth two i'th' buſh, ye know,
This Zeal (*poor Lad*) will work thy overthrow.

Profeſſor.

You vainly talk, and live by ſight and ſenſe,
I walk by faith, which is the evidence
Of things not ſeen, hear with an outward eye,
VVhat thou ſee'ſt not I clearly do eſpy.
'Tis not the fancy of a craſy-brain,
For *Moſes* that it's glory he might gain.

All *Egypts* Treaſures quickly did forego,
Was that the way unto his overthrow?
No, no, dear Sir, he ſaw it was the way
To peace and honour in another day:
The glory real did his Soul behold,
To be ſo great, that never can be told.
If thou had'ſt drunk but of its glorious ſprings,
Thou would'ſt it prize above all earthly things.
If thou hadſt taſted but of *Canaans* hony,
Thou would'ſt eſteem'd it more than bags of mony.
Although I make, alas, a poor profeſſion,
Yet I have now ſomething in my poſſeſſion.
Lock'd up moſt ſafe in my refreſhed breſt,
More rare than Pearls within a golden Cheſt.
True peace of Conſcience, that through grace I have
Which paſſeth all mens knowledge to conceive.
I would of it not be depriv'd again,
If that I might ten thouſand worlds obtain.

Apoſtate

Tuſh, ſilly Fool, kick Conſcience quite away,
Ne'r mind his motions, nor what he doth ſay.
I ſtifl'd him, and that a good while ſince,
And took revenge for his proud Inſolence.
His gaſping groans I no ways did regard,
But let my heart againſt him grow ſo hard,
That I do judge I have his buſineſs done.
He's dead in truth and to dark ſilence gone;
That now I can, without the leaſt controul,
Have any pleaſures which delight my Soul

Profeſſor

Professor

Ah Sir, go on, if that's the choice ye make,
I never will such cursed Councel take.
Who ever doth his Conscience so abuse,
Doth his dear Maker in like manner use.
And though in you poor Conscience now lies slain,
I'th' Judgment day he will revive again.
And then against you his sad witness bear,
And in your face most gastfully will stare,
You'l have the worst at last, I grieve to see
You hardned thus in your Iniquity.
Apos. My sorrow's gone, but thine alas will double,
Concerning me thy self do thou not trouble,
The storms and blust'ring winds are over past.
And very safe I am arriv'd at last,
In that same Port where Princes do delight
For to repose, and harbour day and night.
Tost'd I have been upon the boysterous Seas,
And 'till of late ne'r could find rest nor ease.
But now am safely landed, and with good
Shall satiated be, whil'st thou art tos'd i'th' flood.
Thou shalt poor youth with dreadful storms be hurl'd,
Whilst I shall find a very quiet world.
All thy best days are gone, and plung'd thou'lt be
Into sad Gulfes of woful miserie.
Unless thou dost recant, and stop thy course, (worse.
Thou'lt see things with thee will grow worse and
Those fools who do their nicer Conscience mind,
E're long they shall but little friendship find.

Youth

Youth.

Sir, Storms and Tempeſts do I know attend,
Thoſe who reſolve poor Conſcience to befriend.
Paul's Portion 'twas, who from his very youth,
Had kept good Conſcience, and obey'd the truth.
He met with bluſtring winds, was toſs'd about,
Yet did bear up for *Canaan* moſt devout,
'Till he at laſt the glorious Voyage made,
Getting the Crown which ne'r away ſhall fade.
All thoſe who ſayl'd this way, have all along,
Met with great oppoſition and much wrong
From Pyrats, Spoylers, and Uſurpers, who
Contrived have the Righteous to undo.
This terrifies me not, becauſe that I
Know 'tis the way to true Felicity.
The gold and precious things the Merchant gains,
Do quit his coſt, and recompence his pains.
The Riches which he brings at his return,
Makes him great dangers often-times to run.
So hopes of joys, the which Cœleſtial are,
Makes me no labour nor no coſt to ſpare.
You are for preſent things I further ſee,
You are for Earth, but Heaven is for me.
You are for pleaſures, and for bags of Gold,
I am for that which *Moſes* did behold.
You are for eaſe, whatever it doth coſt,
And honours here, though Soul for it be loſt.
VVho makes the wiſeſt choice, let him declare,
Let Death and Judgment ſhew who wiſe men are.

My

My purpose I'le pursue what e're I meet,
My portion's great, my peace, no counterfeit,
Heaven is my Port, there's such a place I'm sure,
Nought shall intice me nor my soul allure
To lose my hold I'le keep firm in my station.
Though in my way I meet with tribulation.
Yet I most safe shall there at last arrive,
No men nor Devils ever shall deprive
My soul of that eternal dwelling place,
Such confidence I have obtain'd through grace.

Apostate.

If I should grant things which so doubtful are,
That there's a *Canaan* or a Heaven, where
Sweet joys abound beyond what's here below:
Yet hard it is for any man to know
The ready way unto that seeming place,
Consider this, Oh 'tis a weighty case!
For there so many ways and voices be,
How thou shouldst find the right I do not see.
Thou art a stranger too thou told'st, be plain,
Come come, young man, turn with me back again.

Youth.

Nothing (dear Sir) more certain is than this,
That there's a Heaven or eternal Bliss.
The Heathens could by Natures light espy,
Mans chiefest good or best Felicity.

Muſt needs excel the high'ſt enjoyments here,
And ſhall this doubtful unto thoſe appear. (known
VVho have Gods works (moſt dreadfully made
Yea and his word which very few or none
VVho live in any land the like have had,
Shall ſuch turn Atheiſts, this is very ſad.
Is not Jehovah every where made known
By fearful Judgments, which are dayly ſhown
And why think you I can't the true way find,
Seeing Jeſus has in writing left his mind
In plain Characters, which whilſt I obſerve,
I from the truth am ſure no ways can ſwerve.
He came form thence himſelf the other day,
And gave directions how to find the way.
This writing's firm, 'tis ſigned with his blood,
That the old dragon, with his mighty flood,
Of ſuperſtition, and perſecuting fire,
Could not it ſpoil nor gain his curſt deſire.
The holy *Scripture* God to us hath given,
To guide our ſouls in the right way to Heaven.
Though *Satan* has made oppoſition ſtrong,
Yet ſtill we have it in our mother tongue.
And by this means, moſt plain I come to know,
The very foot ſteps where the flock did go.

Apoſtate,

Though you of *Scripture* ſeem to make your boaſt,
Your hopes of this will ſuddenly be loſt.
For you much longer it, an't like to have,
Your ſouls and others thus for to deceive.

For

For holy Church once more will quite destroy
This *English* God, which they seem to enjoy.
Thou art unlearn'd, the Scriptures dost not know,
But wrestest them unto thy overthrow.

Youth.

They are unlearn'd, whom God has never taught,
But have in Popish darkness up been brought.
They are unlearn'd, who never had the *Spirit*,
Who think they can by VVorks salvation merit.
They are unlearn'd, who foolishly deny
The *S*pirits Teachings and Authority.
For to excell all humane Arts and *S*cience,
And on man's teaching wholly have reliance.
They are unlearn'd, or very poorly read,
That teach Christ Jesus is a peice of Bread,
VVhich Rats and Mice may eat, and vomit up,
And do deny the Layety the Cup.
For those for whom Christ did his Body break
He of the Cup did bid them all partake.
They are unlearn'd, who think that Purgatory,
Can be ought else than a meer fained *S*tory.
They are unlearn'd, whose Doctrine doth declare
The Church two heads, doth on its shoulders bear.
That VVoman which hath any Husbands more
Than only one, is a notorious VVhore.
That man's unlearn'd, who learned never hath
The A B C of the True Christian Faith.
That man I grant is wholly yet unlearn'd,
VVho never knew himself, nor yet discern'd

The curſed nature of his hainous ſin,
Nor what eſtate by nature he is in.
That man's unlearn'd who never went to School,
To learn for Chriſt how to become a Fool.
That man's unlearn'd, yea, and a very Sot,
VVho hath his ſoul and Jeſus Chriſt forgot.
And doth eſteem earths empty vanity,
Above that good which Saints in God eſpy.
I am unlearn'd, and yet have learned how
To crucifie the fleſh, yea, and to bow
To Jeſus Chriſt, and for his precious ſake,
His yoak and burden willingly to take.
And follow him where ever he doth go,
And him alone determine for to know.
VVho for my ſake upon the Croſs did die,
Him I have learn'd alone to magnifie.
And to exalt him as he's Prieſt and King,
And as my Prophet too in every thing.
And this through grace I learned have of late,
To be content what ever be my ſtate.
Some things I muſt confeſs I ne'r could learn,
Nor any ways perceive, ſee, or diſcern.
I never read of *Peters* tripple Crown,
Nor that he ever wore a Popiſh Gown.
I never learn't that he did *Pope* become,
Or Rule o're Kings like to the beaſt at *Rome*.
I never learn'd that he kept Concubins,
Or ever power had to pardon ſins.
I never learn'd he granted diſpenſations,
To poyſon Kings, or Rulers of thoſe Nations.

VVho

VVho were profane or turned Hereticks,
Or did refuse the Faith of Catholicks.
I never learn'd he was the Churches head,
Or did forbid the Clergy for to wed.
I never read that he had Chests of Gold,
Or that great Benefits by him were sold.
I never read he's call'd his Holiness,
Yet had as much as any Pope I gues.
I never learn'd *Peter* did magnifie
Himself above all Gods, or God on high.
Or that upon the neck of Kings he trod,
Or ever he in cloth of Gold was clad.
I never read that he made Laws to burn
Such as were Hereticks, or would not turn
To Jesus Christ, much less to Murder those,
VVho did in Truth Idolatry oppose.
I never learn'd, nor could unto this day,
That th' Pope and *Peter* walk'd both in one way:
Yea, or that they in any thing accord
Save only in denying of the Lord.
In that they also greatly differ do,
Of which I think to give a hint or two.
Peter deny'd him, yet did love him dear,
The Pope denies him, and doth hatred bear
To him, and to all those that him do love.
VVho bear his Image, and are from above.
Peter deny'd him, and did weep amain,
The Pope denies him with the great'st disdain.
Peter deny'd him, yet for him did die,
The Pope in malice him doth crucifie.

Peter deny'd him thrice, and then repented,
The Pope a thousand times, but ne'r relented.
Peter and *John* no mighty *S*cholars were,
Yet few for knowledge might with them compare.
Poor Fisher-men do find the way to Heaven,
VVhen *S*cholars go astray, who Arts have seven.
The Learned *S*choolmen put our Lord to Death,
*A*nd very few of such Christ called hath.
But poor despised persons he doth call,
*A*nd passeth by the high-flown Cardinal.
For humane learning, and such kind of Preaching,
*I*s nothing to the blessed *S*pirits teaching.
I learning like, and grant that men may use it,
Yet would *I* not have them for to abuse it.

Apostate.

Leave off these canting strains, and don't deride
Our holy Father, for *I* can't abide
*T*o hear such prating Fools. are you so wise?
Dare you the holy Mother Church despise?
'Tis that Religion I like best of all.
The Pope I do adore and Cardinal.
There's Pomp and Riches, and a worldly glory,
What you talk of, is an unpleasant story.
There's pleasure, profit, safety and much ease,
VVhich doth the flesh as well as spirit please.
Here's Heaven and Earth, what can'st thou more
Or of thy God, or any man require? (desire,
Thy way th' hast lost, and *Canaan* wilt not see,
Therefore with speed turn back again with me.

Professor

Professor

Could I no other reason give or urge,
To prove *Romes* Church untrue, I can't but judge.
This which you speak, doth plainly it declare,
For in Christs Church no such vain pomps appear
No worldly glory doth Christs Church adorn,
For she's afflicted, much despis'd and torn.
Her beauty can't with outward eyes be seen,
Her beauty and her glory are within.
When *John* sets forth the antichristian state,
Much outward pomp 'tis true he doth relate.
The Whore is deck'd with Gold, brave Stones and Pearl,
VVho at poor *Sion* doth with envy snearl.
No liberty to th' flesh the Lord doth give,
Saints must alone after the Spirit live.
No serving God and Mammon, Sir tis plain,
To Hell you go except you'r born again.
If you'l be Christs, with speed then turn you must,
To crucifie the flesh with all it's lust.
No cause have *I* to fear to go astray,
VVhilst *I* walk dayly in the narrow way.
All those who do Gods holy word contemn,
No light nor truth is there at all in them.
Their feet on the dark Mountains soon will fall,
And utter ruin will or'etake them all.
But as for me no cause have *I* to doubt,
But *I* shall find this blessed *Canaan* out.
To turn to *Egypt* with you back again,
The thoughts of it my soul doth much disdain.

Do'st

Doſt think I'le leave my *Quails* and *Manna* rare
For ſtinking Garlick, and baſe Onyons there.

Apoſtate.

For all your courage, Sir, I do ſuppoſe,
You will repent that ever you have choſe,
To leave the comforts of a precious World,
And with fond zeal thus blindly to be hurld.
You are a man that might advanced be,
Unto great Honour, State, and Dignity.
You Father's Maſter of a good Eſtate,
And you too are his Heir, I hear of late.
But if you don't this new Religion leave,
One groat of him you are not like to have.

Profeſſor.

This World in a juſt balance oft I try,
And find it lighter far than vanity.
Riches alas! they are but bags of cares,
And honor's nought ſave fool-bewitching *S*nares.
Your outward joy will turned be to ſadneſs,
Your pleaſure into pain, your wiſdom's madneſs.
You catch at nothing, 'tis at beſt a bubble,
Which long you cannot keep although you double
Your diligence, and think to hold it faſt,
'Twill fly with ſpeed, 'tis but an empty blaſt.
What frantick fit is this? VVill you deſtroy
Your higher hopes for ſuch a fanci'd joy?
This world's juſt like th' Strumpet of whom I've
Who with ſweet fumes inticeth to her bed. (read,

VVith

VVith amorous glances promiſes a Bliſs,
And hides deſtruction with a fained Kiſs.
She has her tricks, and her inſnaring wiles,
But lodges death under deceitful ſmiles.
She huggs the Soul ſhe hates, yea, and doth prove,
A very *Judas* where ſhe fains to love.
Take heed therefore, leſt you be catch'd i'th' ſnare,
And buy your late repentance much too dear.
Theſe comforts here, which you do precious call,
Each wiſe man ſees they'r vain and flitting all.
To think I ſhould repent, no cauſe is there,
If things by you rightly conſid'red were.
VVhat *Moſes* choſe of old, the ſame do I,
All vain allurements I do quite defie.
I knew when firſt my Journey I did take,
I muſt my Fathers houſe learn to forſake.
In *Abrahams* ſteps I am reſolv'd to go,
VVhat ever I expoſed am unto.
VVhat e're I loſe, Chriſt will mak't up to me,
When I of *Canaan* ſhall poſſeſſed be.
I ſeek no honour here from any one,
True honour comes (dear Sirs) from God alone.
To be an Heir unto a great Eſtate,
Or Son unto ſome earthly Potentate,
Is nought to what by grace I am born to.
My Portion great, I know not how to ſhow
I'm Heir unto the mighty King of Heaven,
To me, e're long, ſweet *Canaan* will be given.
I do reſolve to hold out to the end,
Although I han't one groat nor earthly Friend

To

To favour me: I never will return
Until this glorious *Canaan* I have wone.

Apostate.

VVhat ground have you (my friend) for to believe
If you forsake all things, you shall receive
This land you speak of, for your own possession,
Unto you heart 'tis good to put this question.
For divers do unto great things lay claim,
Yet some oftimes I see, and sure I am,
Unto such lands can no good title show,
Although they strive for them as you may do,
If you should sell what e're you have for this,
And yet at last should also of it miss,
You'l see your self at length then quit undone.
Consider of 't, and back with me return,
For no good title of it can be had,
'Twas this alas which once did make Me sad.
To save my own, I thought 'twas best for me,
Unless of this I could assured be.

Professor.

Don't think you shall my zeal for Heaven cool,
Nor my dear *S*oul with fancys thus besool.
Rouse up my Soul now in thy own defence,
And shew thy clear, thy precious evidence.
Can any thing be plainer here on earth,
'Twas purchas'd for me by Christ Jesus's death.
*T*he father doth this Kingdom own, and he,
For his own child has late adopted me.

And if a child, I alſo am an heir
And ſhall with Jeſus this like glory ſhare

Apoſtate

How do you know you be his child? in this
You may miſtake, and ſo may *Canaan* miſs.

Profeſſor.

My late converſion doth moſt plainly prove,
My inward birth is truly from above.
The Truth and Conſcience both agree in one,
I am through grace no Baſtar'd, but a Son.
Thoſe whom God doth by his own Spirit lead,
They are his Sons, you in the Scripture read.
Beſides all this, ſince I did firſt believe,
An earneſt of this Land I did receive.
And divers promiſes alſo there be,
Which bind it firmly over unto me.
Is not my Title unto heaven good.
When ſign'd and ſeal'd to me by Chriſt his blood?
You ſee by theſe I have a certain ground,
And good aſſurance for Gods kingdom ſound.
But you, as it appears, do quite diſpair,
Without all hopes of ever coming there;

Apoſtate.

Nay ſtay a little, don't affirm that neither,
Why may not I, as ſoon as you, come thither.
Though in that way, in which I late did walk,
I was deceiv'd with many other folk;

And thought that Heaven was entail'd to those
Which did the Pope and Church of *Rome* oppose.
Thinking a man a separate must be
From that same Church, or else could never see,
Find, nor injoy eternal peace and rest:
And therefore I, like others, did protest
Against that ancient mother Church, whom now
I am resolv'd to own, yea, and to bow
Down unto her, with all humble subjection
Thinking 'tis best for safety and protection,
Resolving never more to vex my mind
As I have done, for I shall sooner find
In this smooth way assurance for salvation,
Than if I had kept in my former station.
Hopes I may have, no certain ground I know
The Church affirms we can attain unto.
But promises most clear are made to those,
Who seek for the old way, and with it close:
And that *Romes* Church can plead antiquity:
No Protestant I'm sure can it deny:
Yea, and must grant, what ever's their profession
That none save *Rome* can prove their true succession,
From those brave Churches which first planted were
By the Apostles, as their *Acts* declare.
And therefore youth, you must no longer boast
Of faith and confidence, for you have lost
Your way to Heaven, and must therefore look
Unto that Church which long has been forsook.
From the true Church to rend and schismatize,
Is a sad thing though many it despise

For

For though Corruption in the Church there be,
Yet all should walk in uniformitie.

Professor.

Sir, I deny your Churches constitution,
Which makes me loath you, and for your pollution,
Corruption, and vile spots, they are so bad.
No Church of Christ the like hath ever had;
Which I resolve fully to make appear
Before I'le leave you, if your please to hear.

Apostate.

Romes Church was rightly gather'd that's most clear,
Saint *Paul* himself to this doth witness bear.
Faith and Repentance truly did they own,
And were Baptized in due form tis known;
No *C*hurch in constitution right has been,
If that our *C*hurch i'th' least doth fail herein.

Professor.

*Romes C*hurch I grant was true i'th' Apostles days,
But yours from that doth differ many ways.
*Romes C*hurch was very famous heretofore,
But is become the Scarlet-colour'd Whore.
From the true Faith she hath departed quite,
And the true *C*hurch was forc't to take her flight
Into the dark and howling wilderness,
Where she lay hid in sore and great distress,

From the vile Beast, and Dragons furious rage,
And so remain'd until this latter age.
If *Romes* Church now were like unto the old,
Then with the Romanists we all would hold.
But when she is become Christs enemy,
Go out of Babylon, doth bid us fly.
If you can prove *Romes* Church has not declin'd,
From that Church-State by *Paul* himself defin'd.
Then you will undertake for to do more
Then any Papist ever did before.
The *Jewish* Church God once did own and love,
But for their sins he did them quite remove.
Out of his sight they'r broken for their sin,
With other Churches which have famous bin.
And yet do keep some outward form and show
Of Worship, and Church-state as *Rome* may do.
Who has in Truth nought left save a bare name,
As hath been clearly prov'd by men of fame.
If you should bring your Visibility
To prove your Church is true, I do reply,
A better argument I need not bring
To prove you false, then that same very thing.
For the true Church was hid, did not appear
A thousand two hundred and sixty year.
And then whereas you in the second place
Mention Antiquity, 'tis a clear case.
Your Church is under age, yea much too young,
Out of the Apostacy alas she sprung.
A bastard Church, base born, mere national,
And therefore that's for you no proof at all.

The

The fleshly seed i' th' Church must not be brought,
John Baptist and our Saviour both so taught.
Christs Church is gather'd now by regeneration,
And not as 'twas i' th' former dispensation.
You in a lineal way do go about.
To take in those whom Jesus hath shut out.
The ax is now laid to the root o' th' tree,
And every one true penitent must be.
And must obtain of God true saving grace,
Who in his holy Church would have a place.
Your Church is not so gather'd, therefore I
Deny your Church and it's antiquity;
That Church which is upheld by th' carnal sword,
And not by the power of Gods holy word.
Is very false, and that *Romes* Church is soe,
Not a few worthy Authors plainly show
And whereas she much boasts of holiness,
No people doubtless in the world have less.
For *Rome* like to a common stinking shore,
Receives what ev'ry one casts forth o' th' door.
She's like a cage of ev'ry hateful bird,
As is recorded in Gods sacred word.
The Councel which an ancient Author gave,
Let ev'ry soul with special care receive.
Ye that would holy live, from Rome *be packing,*
There's all things else, but Godliness is lacking.
She also doth Doctrines of Divels hold,
According as th' Apostle hath foretold.
In charging people to abstain from meat,
Which God alloweth us freely to eat.

And in denying persons for to wed,
Though God allow the undefiled bed.
By means of these most curſed prohibitions,
Your Clergy ſtinks alive with groſs pollutions.
And many of your filthy Popes of Rome,
Have Sodomites and Buggerers become;
VVhoredom and Incest they have minc'd ſo ſmall,
As ſcarce to count them any ſin at all.
Moſt curſed *Stews* allowed are by them,
VVhom none i'th' Popedom dare i'th leaſt condemn.
Vile Necromancers many of them were,
Haters of God, no ſin (in truth) is there;
But ſome o'th' Popes of it hath guilty been,
As may upon Record be clearly ſeen.
Is this your holy Head and reverend Father,
Next unto Chriſt ſupream? Is he not rather
A Dev'l incarnate? the worſt of mankind,
VVho can in Hell a viler ſinner find? (Love,
Is *Rome* Chriſts Church, Chriſts Spouſe, his only
His undefiled one, and ſpotleſs dove?
Sir, do'nt miſtake, ſhe is that *Scarlet Whore*,
VVhom *John* characterized heretofore.
VVhich I ſhall full evince, and make appear,
If you with patience will but lend an ear.

Apoſtate.

I find you in reproaches free enough,
But ſhall expect you ſo too in your proof.
Thoſe common Epithets of Beaſt and VVhore,
Are daily flung at every bodies door.

But

But for to warrant your severer doom,
Prove that they properly belong to *Rome*.

Professor.

That truth Gods sacred word doth well explain,
That City which o're Kings of th' Earth did raign.
VVas that same VVhore, the spirit clear doth show,
And that *Rome* was that City all men know.
VVho then above all others bore the sway,
'Twas *Rome* the Nations fear'd and did obey.
And still you Papists to her Bishop give,
Headship o're all who on the earth do live.
Before him Kings and Emperors must submit,
That so he may the mighty Monarch sit.
VVhilst absolute pow'r he claims, and Sovereignty
Above all Princes by his Tyranny.
From whence all persons may conclude it true,
By their first Mark the title is his due.
The second Character of *Babylon*,
Is *Pomp and State wherein she proudly shone*,
That *Rome* has been a rich gay costly VVhore,
England once found, I wish she may no more.
Infinite Sums almost she squeez'd from hence,
For pardons, obits, annates, *Peter*-pence. (led,
And through each Land where she her triumphs
VVhole swarms of locusts, Priests and Fri'rs were
These (as the *Janizaries* to the *Turk*) (spread.
VVere faithful slaves still to promote her work.
VVhilst to maintain those drones she swept away,
The fat and wealth of Nations for their prey.

In the third place *she doth mens Souls inslave*,
This mark in *Rome* most evident we have.
With dangerous vows, unwarranted traditions,
Implicit faith and thousand superstitions.
Pretended miracles apparent lies,
Damnable Errors and fond fopperies,
She clogs the Conscience, and to make all well,
Boasts all her dictates are Infallible:
And then (to fill her measure) i' th' last place,
Tis said she would Gods precious *Sion* race,
This can of none but *Rome* be understood,
That drunken whore, who reels in Martyrs blood,
As I more largely now shall make appear,
And then with patience your excuses hear.
Within the compass of six thousand years,
Has been presented to the eyes and ears,
Of future ages, the most sad contents
Of bloody Tragidies, the dire events
Of dreadful wars, in several Generations,
The overthrow of many fruitful Nations.
But all comes short of *Romes* most bloody bill,
Which doth the earth with Sanguine volumes fill.
Jerusalem that City of renown,
Sack't by *Vespasian*, burnt and broken down.
It was indeed a dreadful desolation,
And so have conquerors dealt with many a nation.
All Conquerors ever found a time to cease, (peace.
When once they'd conquered, then they were at
They murdered not, but such as would not yield,
To own them for their Lords; and in the field

They ſlew them too with weapons in their hand,
For their defence, and always ready ſtand.
To give Quarter to thoſe that it demand.
But this vile Strumpits blood-bedabled hands
Finds not a period never countermands.
Her cruel rage, her murders know no end,
She ſlaughters when ſhe pity doth pretend.
Years terminate not her blood thrilty acts,
She ſlays without examining their facts.
In times of peace her treacherous hands have ſhed,
Blood without meaſure: ſhe hath murthered
By curſed Maſacres her neighbours, when
They thought themſelves the moſt ſecure men.
One might fill volumes with her bloody ſtory,
In which ſhe ſtill perſiits: Makes it her glory
T'invent ſtrange torments to deprive the breath
Of Chriſtians, by a tedious lingring death.
The brutiſh *Nero* firſt of Tyrant Kings,
From whoſe baſe root nine other Tyrants ſprings.
Whoſe moſt inhuman Acts, not to their glory,
Did leave the world a lamentable ſtory.
And to their laſting and eternal ſhame,
Did purchaſe to themſelves that hateful name
Of bloody Monſters in the ſhape of men,
VVhoſe cruel acts deſerve an Iron pen.
That might perpetuate to after-times,
Theſe Heathens cruelty record the crimes.
For which thoſe Chriſtians willingly laid down,
There earthly houſes for a heavenly Crown.
Reflecta while Sir! And but caſt your eye,
Firſt on thoſe Heathen Emperors cruelty. Then

Then view the bloody Papists, and compare
Their cruelties together, and as far
As *Egypts* darkness did exceed our night,
Or midnight differs from the morning light,
So far the Papist cruelty does exceed,
The worst of Heathen Tyrants, and indeed
The worst of Tyrants, since the world began,
Or since dissention fell 'twixt man and man.
If *Cypian's* and *Eusebius* words be true,
These persecuting Emp'rors yearly slew
Millions of Souls, shedding their guiltless blood,
Which ran like waters from a mighty flood.
So void their hearts were of all humane pity,
They Spar'd no Age, nor Sex, nor Town, nor City.
The things wherein these Christians did offend,
Were only this, they did refuse to bend,
Their Heaven-devoted knees, or fall before
Those Idol Gods these Emperors did adore.
They did believe one God created all,
They did believe in Christ, and down did fall
Prostrate upon the earth, and daily bring
Sacrifice only to that Heav'nly King.
Their Emperors Gods these Christians did deride,
This was the cause so many milions dy'd.
These Emperors thinking themselves ingag'd,
Their Idol to revenge, grew more inrag'd
To see the Christians bouldly to despise,
Their Gods, and honour Christ before their eyes:
They did conclude the nature of th' offence,
Deserv'd no less than death for recompence.

Thus

Thus may we plainly see a reason why
These Heathen Emp'rors use such cruelty.
'Twas not because they worshipt not aright,
But worshipt not at all, nay, did despight.
Unto these Idols which they Gods did call,
Affirming that they were no Gods at all.
An act not to be born by flesh and blood,
To have the edicts of their Gods withstood.
Yet in the midst of all those Tyrants rage,
Serious advice a little would assuage
Their hellish fury, and for some time cease,
And give the Christians a breathing space.
And when as those ten Emperors ceast to be,
Then terminated all their cruelty.
Three hundred years accomplisht their fierce wrath
And then the Heathens own'd the Christian faith.
And now their Emp'rors do as much adore
The God of Heaven and earth, as they before
Had done their Idols, and zealous for the Church,
Give great donations, make their Bishops rich.
And now proud *Rome*, since *Constantine* the great,
Thou by degrees hast taken up thy seat:
Puft up with riches, swoln with filthy pride,
From Gods pure laws hast quickly turn'd aside.
And now such Bishops only do'st thou chuse,
As God doth hate and utterly refuse:
Proud, sensual, and void of th' holy spirit.
Such as the Lord hath said, shall not inherit.
Eternal Glory; such thy Bishops be,
Who shoul'd be fill'd with truth and purity.

Shining

Shining like lights before the flock, that they
The better might discern the perfect way.
But now instead of such as these, behold
They are presumptious, proud, imperious bold.
Changing the worship that the Lord makes known,
And in its stead will introduce their own.
Yea so presumptious are they in their pride,
As to affirm Gods holy words no guide,
For men to walk by; the only rule that they
Do counsel men, nay force them to obey.
Is their traditions which th' affirm to be,
Far more authentick then our Lords decree,
Within his holy Word he us hath given,
For a sure light to guide our steps to Heaven.
And now these Christians whose more tender heart,
Dares not believe them, fearing to depart
From Gods directions, which in his blest word,
He hath so plainly left upon record.
These are the men this wicked Strumpit hath
So often made the objects of her wrath.
Making the earth to drink the guiltless bloud,
Of such as for Gods holy Word have stood.
Oh! Let the bloud-drunk earth, near cease to cry
Unto the Heaven enthroned Majesty.
'Till God take vengance as he did on *Cain*,
For all the righteous *Abels* she hath slain.
Not for denying, but honouring the Lord,
Yea, for believing that his sacred word
Is the most perfect, and the truest guide,
The rule by which all doctrins should be tride.

Our

Our blessed Lord bids search them, for saith he,
They are the words that testifie of me.
Lo hears the cause, behold the reason why,
The Whore has acted so much cruelty.
Inhumane murthers doth this Whore invent,
VVhereby she daily slays the innocent.
The numbers she hath murdered, doth surmount
The strictest of Arithmeticks account.
VVhat Countrey hath not tasted of the Cup,
That her most bloudy hands have poured up.
How hath she stir'd up Nations to ingage
Against each other to satisfie her rage.
VVhere Millions have been brought unto the dust,
Only to satisfie this Strumpits lust;
That she the better might ingrose the power
Of Hell into her hands, and so devour
At her blood thirsty pleasure, such as she
Could not perswade to love Idolatry.
Perfideous *France*, whose most inhumane wrath,
Passing the limits of a Christian faith.
VVithin the space of eight and twenty days,
Thy bloody hands most treacherously betrays
Ten thousand souls, and to that bloudy score,
Ads quickly after twenty thousand more.
How many murders more that Popish Nation
Have done, the *Romish* Histories make relation;
And yet from cruelty *Rome* has not ceast,
But as her years, her murders have increast:
And swoln to bigger numbers in less space,
As *Bellarmine* affirmeth to her face;

VVho

Who thus atteſts that from the morning light,
Until the Sable Curtains of the night;
Were cloſely drawn, her bloudy hands did ſlay,
A hundred thouſand Souls, O! let that day
In Characters of blond recorded be,
That may remain unto eternity.
O let the earth that drinketh in the rain,
That did receive the bloud of all the ſlain;
Let both the Heavens, and the Earth implore
The God of heaven to confound the Whore.
O poor *Bohemia*, thou haſt had a taſte,
When wicked *Julian* laid thy countrey waſte.
Burning thy Towns and Villages with fire,
Sparing no young, nor old, nor Son, nor ſire.
VVhat multitudes unnumbred were thy ſlain,
VVhich in the field unburied did remain.
Thou found'ſt the wolviſh Popes in every age
Contrive thy ruin, many times ingage
Thy neighbour Nations to ſhed forth thy blood,
Only becauſe faithful *Bohemia* ſtood.
For Gods pure worſhip, *Martin* the ſixt excites
(Knights,
Emperors, Kings, Dukes, Barons, Earls and
VVith one conſent to fall upon that Nation,
On no leſs terms, than on their own Salvation;
Promiſing alſo upon that condition,
To give a full and abſolute remiſſion.
Unto the vileſt ſinner that e're ſtood
Upon the earth, that would but ſhed the blood,

Though but of one *Bohemian*; O rage!
Not to be paralleld in any age.
Except that Monster, who did sore rebuke,
The over-charitable Popish Duke
Of D' Alva, and would you know his crime,
It was because that he in six years time,
Through too much lenity, caus'd not the earth
To drink more Christians bloud than issued forth
From eighteen thousand souls; for this, the Duke
VVas thought by Papists worthy of rebuke.
Is eighteen thousand in six years so few,
In the account of your bloud thirsty crue,
Inhumanly to murther, yea indeed,
Because their former numbers did exceed.
But if the Duke of *Alva's* bloudy bill;
Came short in numbers, yet his hand did fill
It up with Torments, so dreadful to rehearse,
As that the very thoughts thereof would pierce
A Marble heart, make Infidels relent,
Torments that none but Devils could invent.
But if all this was over little still,
His predecessors added to the bill.
For from the time that hellish Inquisition,
Did from the Devil first receive commission.
As well approv'd History doth relate,
Till thirty years expired had their date;
By cruel torments which they still retain,
VVas a hundred and fifty thousand slain.
And yet before they took away their breath,
They for some time did make each day a death.

Depri-

Depriving them as far as in them lay,
Of all the comfort that either night or day
Affords mankind; for them there was not found,
So much Sun light as to behold the ground
On which they ſtood: Each day that giveth light,
Was unto them like *Egypts* darkeſt Night
In helliſh darkneſs, thus they made them ſpend
Their weary hours, and kindly in the end
Deſtroyed them: the company they had
Within thoſe darkſome caverns, was their ſad
And melancholy thoughts, their ſighs and grouns,
Their doleful lodgings was upon the ſtones.
If noyſome creatures bred and foſtred there,
Theſe noyſome creatures their companions were.
What food they eat, was only to ſecure
Their ſouls alive, that ſo they might endure
The ſeveral Torments that they did provide,
And ſo a hundred and fifty thouſand di'd,
Beſide what di'd by perſecuting hands,
Within the *Popes* Confines in ſeveral lands.
Thus may I ſooner ſpend my ſtrength and tears,
And tire (if you regard) your eyes and ears.
Then give a full and abſolute relation;
Of all the acts of *Romes* abbomination.
Oh! May my native Countrey rather hear
Their bloody Acts, than in the leaſt part bear
Her burthen, or behold her murdring hand,
Once more ſpread through the Confines of our land
But I perceive theſe truths are dully heard,
And that you little my diſcourſe regard.

Apoſtate

Apostate.

Yes, yes, I hear and smile, what Tragedies
You make of lawful just severities.
The Martyrs you applaud were Rebbels too,
And still against authority would goe.
If then they suffer'd, who pray is to blame?

Professor.

That I have shewn already to their shame.
And I would have my Countrey men to take
Another taste that may preserve awake
Their drousie Souls, who take a dying nap,
Much like deluded *Sampson* on the lap
Of lustful D*alila*, whose treacherous breath,
Sends forth the Messenger of *Sampsons* death;
Let not the Strumepts sugred words, perswade
Thee to give credit t' her, 'thas been her trade
To promise faireſt when she doth intend
To deal falsest, she doth betray her friend
Like wicked *Cain*, first of that sinful race,
That slew his Brother smiling in his face.
From the first time that e're the hellish rage
Of Jesuits appeared on the stage
To act their parts in *England*, *France* and *Spain*.
And *Italy* her bloody hands hate slain,
Nine hundred thousand souls or there about,
E're many years had run their hours out.
Of the *Americans* by *Popish Spain*,
In fifty years was fifteen Millions slain.

The poor religious *Waldenſes*, whoſe eye,
Like the quick ſighted *Vulture*, did eſpy
Romes filthy whoredoms, and freely diſclaim
Her vile Idolatry, and hate the ſame. (Cup,
Drunk dreadful draughts of *Romes* moſt bloody
VVhich She with Helbred fury poured up.
And for no other cauſe, her bloody hands,
She did ſtretch forth with Hell-inraged bands;
Being ſent abroad forth with, to put to death
Both young and old, each man that draweth breath;
And yet, as if ſhe had not been content,
To Murder Parents with their Innocent
And harmleſs Babes, as if their Helliſh-breath
Had now been ſpent with putting ſouls to death.
Fourſcore ſweet Babes that never did offend,
Famiſh'd to Death, their harmleſs lives did end.
Search, ſearch into the deep Abyſs of Hell,
And ſee if all the Dev'ls can parallel
So vile an Act, O moſt imperious Treaſon
Againſt the Kings of Kings, and law of Reaſon.
Are Papiſts Chriſtians, and are theſe their Acts
To puniſh ſuch as ne'r commited Facts?
Are thoſe right actings, fitting Goſpel-times?
To lay on Babes the weight of higheſt Crimes.
Did Chriſt do thus, or hath he ever given
Them leave to deal ſo with the Heirs of Heaven?
Thoſe murd'red *Souls* under the Altar lie,
Crying howlong Eternal Majeſty,
How long wil't be e're thou avenge thy *Saints*,
And lend thine ear unto their ſad complaints?

Theſe

Theſe *Waldenſes* being overcome and dead,
A little remnant that eſcaped fled,
Taught by Dame Natures Moral-Laws to ſave
Their much deſired lives, within a Cave
Did hide themſelves, hoping at laſt, that they
Taking advantage of another day;
When Golden *Titon* had laid down his head
Upon the Pillows of his Weſtern-Bed,
And *Proſerpina* Lady of the Night,
Had drawn her Sable Curtains, then they might
Tranſport themſelves into ſome other land,
And ſo eſcape out of the Hunters hand.
But as the Hound that hunts the wearied Hart,
Doth ply their ſteps, and never will depart
The Fields and Meadows, or the ſilent Wood
Till they ſurpriſe the Beaſt: ev'n ſo theſe blood
Devouring Monſters having found the Cave,
Moſt barb'rouſly did make that place their grave,
VVherein four hundred yielding up their breath,
VVere in a barb'rous manner choak'd to death.
No Nation in the world hath ever ſeen,
A Foe ſo dreadful as the VVhore hath been.
It is farr better to be overcome
By *Turk* or *Heathen*, than by Chriſtian *Rome*.
VVhat part of *Europe* now can make their boaſt,
And ſay they have not taſted to their coſt
Of *Romiſh* Mercy, ſome are yet alive,
VVhoſe Parents felt the Death ſhe did contrive.
O *Germany*! thy poor diſtreſs'd Eſtate
VVill ſpeak to future Ages, and relate

VVhole Volums of her bloody Murders, and
The murder'd *S*ouls of bleeding *Ireland*
Crie night and day for Vengeance, and implore
Gods Heaven enthroned Majesty e're more,
To put a period to her Hellish power,
That we may overtake her in an hour.
Those dreadful Murders, have the eyes and ears
Of some now living heard and seen the tears
Of *S*oul afflicted Parents, whose sad eyes
Beheld their Murdred Babes, & heard their cries.
Their Daughters Ravish'd, & when that was done,
Cruelly Murdered, and the hopeful Son
By unheard Torments slain before their eyes,
VVhilst they beheld their Childrens miseries:
Their Children Murdred, and their VVives defil'd,
VVhose Bodies they ript up being great with child.
And all this while Parents and Husbands were
Forc'd to behold what flesh and blood can't bear
The bare Relation: what Adamant heart
Melts not, when I these dreadful things impart?
Ripping up Child-great-VVomen was not all,
For that, although inhumane, was but small
Compar'd with others torments they indur'd,
VVhose Patience bore what could not else be cur'd;
*T*earing out Bowels, boyling men alive, (trive.
*T*hese deaths and worse those Monsters did con-
VVe see how they have dealt with every Nation;
And shall we think at last to find compassions
The piteous cries of Parents, nere could move.
Them to extend the smallest dram of love.

The

The tears that ran from dying Infants eyes,
Like plenteous ſhowers from the darkned skies:
Whoſe great abundance might have made a River,
Yet all theſe floods of briniſh tears could never
Enter a Papiſts heart ſo hard condenſ'd,
So void of pity, and all humane ſence,
To hear the doleful ſhrecks, and dying groans
Of poor diſtreſſed Babes, who make their moans
To Soul afflicted Parents e're they part,
Theſe are the things delight a Papiſts heart;
To ſee the dying gaſpes before the death
Of tortured Souls, whoſe life forſaken breath
Had waited, ! many a tedious hour paſt, (laſt.
When their tormented Souls ſhould breath their
VVhoſe dolorous ſighings penetrate the skies,
Thoſe objects do delight a Papiſts eyes.
And can we now at laſt expect to find,
That *Rome's* grown merciful, and Papiſts kind?
No, no, we cannot do't, if we but fix
Our ſerious thought upon late *Sixty* ſix:
VVhen *London* was conſum'd, that Famous City,
Its Ruins doth beſpeak them void of pity.
By *Romes* contrivance, was fair *London* burn'd:
Englands Metropolis to aſhes turn'd.
Their Merchants of their Riches quite bereft,
To day rich men, to morrow nothing left.
Their VVives and Children harbourleſs became
Their ſubſtance all conſumed in the Flame:
To day this Famous City 's deck'd in Gold,
To morrow an amazement to behold.

The doleful Shreeks, and lamentable Cries,
The floods of Tears that ran from VVeeping eyes,
As true reſemblances, did repreſent
The Sorrows that our Neighbours underwent.
And can we think that Hell-begotten Rage,
That did provoke ſo many to engage
In ſuch an Act, far worſe than th' Powder-Treaſon:
Can we ſuppoſe, if we conſult with Reaſon,
The fury of their Helliſh Rage expir'd
So ſoon as e're that Famous Place was Fir'd.
No, no, Good Sir, your Pardon, I preſume
Thoſe Hell-ingendred flames that did conſume
So fair a City in ſo ſhort a ſpace,
Hell gave thoſe flames Commiſſion down to raze
Not *London* only, but every Soul that hath
A heart reſolv'd to maintain the Faith
Of Jeſus, Proteſtants both great and ſmall,
Rome hath determin'd their eternall Fall.
And thoſe more formal Proteſtants, whoſe Zeal
May ſecretly perſwade them to conceal
Their ſeeming Faith, and feignedly to cloſe
With *Romes* erroneous Doctrine, and ſuppoſe
Thereby to ſave their lives; let none believe
Such vain perſwaſions; many did deceive
Themſelves; for *Rome*, that Painted Whore,
Will deal with them as ſhe hath done before,
With ſuch as hoped in the ſelf ſame kind,
To meet with Mercy, but nought leſs did find.
Chriſt never gave unto his Church Commiſſion,
For to make Laws for grievous Perſecution.

No

No outward force were they i' th' least to use,
Much less poor Innocents for to abuse,
By Burning, Starving, Roasting on a Spit,
And tauntingly to make a sport of it.
The holy Saints, and People of the Lord,
Their only Weapon was Gods sacred Word,
With that blest Sword always they overcome,
And did refute all Hereticks, but *Rome*
Makes use 'tis plain o' th' Carnal Sword and Fire,
'Tis Blood, 'tis Blood this Locust doth desire.
Death without Mercy, acts of Cruelty,
The Matter must decide continually,
The way they use to turn a *Soul* from error,
Is the most dreadful flesh amazing terror
Of horrid Racks, whereon a man must lie
Tortur'd to Death, dying, yet cannot die.
Strange kinds of Instruments, devis'd to tear
The flesh from off the bones these sometimes were
Her friendly Admonitions, to reclaim
Such whom she doth for Hereticks defame.
What Massacres has she contriv'd by night,
When nature doth to rest each man invite.
(harms
When sleep had clos'd their eyes, no thoughts of
Did them possess, but in their folded Armes (they
Their Wives and Children lay, with hopes that
Through grace might live to see another day.
(Hell,
Then came these murd'ring Butchers, sent from
Nothing but Blood would their vile rage repell;

Laying dear Babes and Mothers in their gore,
'Till all were dead they ſcorned to give o're,
If theſe Church dealings will not work contrition,
*S*he can erect a curſed Inquiſition:
A dreadful place of cruelty and blood,
Whoſe torments ſcarcely can be underſtood.
A loathſome Dungeon, and vile ſtinking Cell,
A place of darkneſs, repreſenting Hell;
VVhere nothing is ſo plentiful as tears,
And bitter *S*ighs, and yet can find no ears
To hear their cries and lamentable moans,
Nor hearts to pity them for all their groans,
VVhere many tedious days and nights they ſpend,
Not knowing when their ſuff'rings will have end.
If ſuch like arguments (*Sir*) will confute
A Heretick, the Papiſt may diſpute
With all the world, nay Heathen *Rome* could never
Come nigh a Papiſt with their beſt endeavour:
They ſcorn all *Turks* or *Pagans* (for contrival
Of Barbarous Cruelties) ſhould be Corrival;
For inhumanities they muſt deſie,
And ſcorn that Cannibals ſhould them come nigh.
A bloody Papiſt ſtrives to counterfeit
The Plagues of Hell, as far as man's conceit
Can reach unto, or Devils could invent,
This is a Papiſts knocking Argument
Thus, thus is Rome drunk with the Martyrs blood
VVhich has run down like to a mighty flood.
O it is *Rome* that is that *S*carlet VVhore,
VVhich thus doth hate and perſecute the Poor.

And

And all which are unto the truth inclin'd,
To ſerve the Lord with a moſt perfect mind,
According to the tenor of his Word;
All ſuch ſhe ſtrives to put unto the Sword:
And ſuffers none to buy, nor ſell, nor live,
But ſuch as homage unto her would give.
Upon her head alſo *Saint John* did ſee
VVas writ the curſed name of Blaſphemy;
Setting her ſelf on God's Imperial Throne:
Saying, I am, beſides me there is none.
I have the keys of Heaven in my hand,
Both Earth and Hell is at my ſole command;
I ſhut and open unto whom I pleaſe,
I torment give to ſome, to others eaſe.
Lo, thus God's *Sacred* VVord doth point her forth,
This, this is ſhe, there's none in all the earth
That ever did adventure to lay claim
To that preſumptuous and blaſphemous name,
As King of Heaven, Earth, and Hell, but ſhe, (be.
Therefore *Rome's* Church muſt the vile *Strumpet*

Apoſtate.

Sir, ſpeak no more, forbear your ſland'rous lies,
The holy Church ſuch murdrous acts defies:
Do not believe all *Stories* you do hear,
'Tis hard for you to make theſe things appear.

Professor

These things were not (Sir) in a corner done,
Besides, I never yet have heard of one
That is for you, or standeth on your side,
Who by just proof these things ever deni'd;
For they alas notoriously are known,
And many Papists also them do own:
Besides, 'twas late some of these Cruelties,
Murder and Blood, and barb'rous Tragedies
VVere done, and acted; some alive now be
VVho with their eyes these villanies did see.
About the year (dear Sir) of fifty five
A dreadful massacre did *Rome* contrive
Near unto *France*, i' th' Dukedom of *Savoy*
VVhere thirty thousand souls she did destroy,
Who were commanded without all delays
Papists to turn, and that within three daies;
VVho for refusing, were then presently
Put unto death with barb'rous Cruelty. (parts,
Some with sharp spears thrust through their privy
VVhilst others stabbed were unto their hearts.
Some babes they cut in pieces, some they roasted,
And some upon the tops of spears they tossed:
Virgins were ravished, VVidows and VVives
All barbarously deprived of their lives:
Some were drove forth on bitter Ice and Snow,
And many knock'd o'th head as they did go;
Thus were those souls brought into misery,
See it at large in *Moreland's* History.

Two

Two hundred thousand Protestants or more
Were Massacred by this vile bloody Whore
In *Ireland*; there's many now alive
Who saw what kinds of deaths they did contrive,
By which some of their dear relations then
VVere tortured by those most Bloody men.
How can you Sir these things i' th' least deny,
VVhich are so obvious unto ev'ry eye.

Apostate.

Youth, 'tis the Faith of *Roman* Catholicks,
Thus for to deal with all vile Hereticks.
Yet 'twas Rebellion too, say what you will,
For which the Church did many thousands kill.
To Magistrates they disobedient were,
And therefore they just punishment did bear.

Professor.

Peter and *John* they Rebels were also,
By that same Argument which use you do.
To Magistrates they did refuse to bend,
Wherein they knew they should the Lord offend.
In civil things they always did submit,
And Preached also, 'twas a thing most fit,
In things which unto man doe appertain,
But Christ o're Conscience ought alone to reign.
Ev'n so those Martyrs bare an upright mind
Unto their Prince, and ever were inclin'd
In all just things obedient for to be:
Yet did stand up for Christ his Sovereignty,

And

And were resolv'd in matters of their Faith,
To worship God as holy Scripture saith,
According to that light which he doth give,
Up unto which each Soul on Earth should live.
And though your Church doth put poor men to (death,
'Twas from the Dev'l such curst laws came forth.
The tares with wheat should grow unto the end,
Till God is pleas'd the Reapers for to send.
That 'twas from Satan; I don't doubt i' th' least,
For he did give unto this bloody Beast
His Pow'r and Seat, and his Authority,
For to effect all cursed Villany.

Apostate.

They were some evil persons without doubt,
Who crept into the Church, that work'd about (low,
Those Murderous deeds the Church did not al-
But utterly against them doth Avow.

Professor.

The filthy Pope, and evil Cardinal,
With Bishops, Moncks, and Fryers you so call,
With fiery Jesuits, for to be brief,
In all these murd'rous Acts these were the chief.
Bulls, false Pardons, and cursed dispensations,
From bloody *Rome* has Ruin'd many Nations,
You can't deceive, nor hoodwink the world more,
Times have discovered the Scarlet Whore.

VVe

VVe now know how clearly to bring our charge,
As I could ſhew, but that I can't inlarge.

Apoſtate.

I know not how further (Sir) to excuſe
The Holy Church, you put me in a muſe:
But ſhe's more kind and gentle grown of late,
And doth ſuch cruelties defie and hate.

Profeſſor.

Rome to a Wolf may fitly be compar'd,
VVho whilſt againſt his will is quite debarr'd
From ſeeking of his Prey, being ty'd in chains,
Seems very peaceable, though he remains
A Wolf in Nature ſtill, if ever he
At any rate can get his libertie,
Doth ſtraight way run impatient of delay,
And cannot reſt until he's got his prey.
So *Rome* ſeems kind and gentle, until ſhe
Can find again an opportunity,
Which with unwearied pains, and often trial,
She ever ſeeks, and hardly takes denyal.
Which if ſhe once obtains, ſhe will not ſtay
From ſheding blood a minute of a day.

Apoſtate.

'Tis a vain thing with you for to contend,
And therefore I had rather make an end:
'Tis out of love I ſpeak, to have you leave
Your evil Errors, ſpeedily to cleave

Unto

Unto that Church who only can decide
All Controverſies, even to divide
The Truth from Error, Light from Darkneſs ſo
That every one the ready way may go.
But you ſeem ſo reſolved in your mind,
That little hopes, alas, of you I find.
But youth conſider once again I pray,
The troubles of a now approaching day.
For ſore amazements will you overtake,
Unleſs you do your purpoſes forſake.
If once our Church the day obtains, beſure
Then down you Hereticks muſt go for ever,
Let former ſtroaks of Juſtice take ſuch place,
As for to move you wiſely to embrace
That Councel, which in tender love I give,
That you in ſafety evermore may live.
Or you'l Repent that ever you begun
Theſe dang'rous ways of Hereſie to run.
'Tis a dark doleful dangerous path you go,
Recant therefore as many others do,

Profeſſor

You may miſtake, ſometimes the waters flow,
Yet on a ſudden I obſerve them low.
A *Hammon* may maliciouſly deviſe
Poor *Mordecai*, and others to ſurpriſe,
Yet may his purpoſes meet with a blaſt.
And he himſelf be hanged too at laſt.
The fleſh with all its luſts to mortifie,
Is hard to thoſe that love Iniquity.

The way to Papiſts wholly is untrod,
And unto all who haters are of God.
The way ſeems dark to you, untrod, uneven,
Hard 'tis to th' fleſh, yet 'tis the way to Heaven,
'Tis dark to you, becauſe that you are blind,
And can't Gods purpoſe in dark foot-ſteps mind.
I've a ſure hand to lead my trampling paces,
To ſcape the danger of thoſe dang'rous ſpaces.
I ſhall paſs ſafe, by means of my beſt Guide,
Though thouſands fall by me on every ſide.
For to turn back will prove a dolefull fault
I think upon the Monument of Salt.
I am reſolv'd a thouſand deaths to dy,
Before I'le ever yield to Popery.

Apoſtate.

Thou art too ſtrict, too righteous, and preciſe,
(prize.
Thou ſlight'ſt ſuch things which prudent men do
Thou mayſt have Chriſt, pleaſure and honours too,
And ſaved be without half this ado.
There's very few alas are of your mind,
Who unto *Rome* are not at all inclin'd.

Profeſſor

You now condemn me for my holy life,
Wherein 'tis true I met with ſtraits and ſtriſe.
But when, dear Sir, you come at length to die,
You'l blame your ſelf, and me you'l juſtifie.

Did

Did ever any on a dying bed,
Lament that they were by Gods ſpirit led
To crucifie their ſins, and undertake
All things to leave for the Lord Jeſus ſake?
If Righteous ones, alas ſcarce ſaved are,
It greatly doth behove me to take care
In holineſs to walk, what e're you ſay,
I from the paths of life will never ſtray.
The way I know is rough, 'tis hard and ſtrait,
And leads me alſo through a Thorny Gate,
VVhoſe ſcratching Pricks are very ſharp and fell,
The way to Heav'n is by the Gates of Hell.
Your way 'tis true ſeems very ſmooth and wide,
*S*ince you from Chriſt have lately turn'd aſide.
My Paths ſeem long, yours ſhort and very fair,
Free from all Rubs and Snares, yet *S*ir beware,
The ſafeſt path is not always moſt even,
The way to Hell's like to a ſeeming Heaven.
*S*hall proud Fleſh-wantons for a moments pleaſure,
Expoſe themſelve to ſhame, and loſs of treaſure.
They'l ſpend their ſtrength, their gold, and their E-
Amongſt their ſenſual Dame-Helliſh-mates.(ſtates.
*S*hall curſed Pleaſures thus be pris'd, and muſt
The joys above be cheaper than a luſt.
Th' ambitious Gallant, for to hoiſt his Name
Upon the wings of Honour and of Fame,
How will he venter on the point of *S*pears,
And face the mouths of Cannons *!* nought he fears:
VVith courage ſtout how will he fight i'th' Flood,
VVhen Briniſh *S*eas are mixt with human blood *!*

*S*hal

Shall wretched man be at the Devils will,
And dangers run, his lust for to fulfil.
And shal not I, when God commands me forth,
Ingage for him with all my might on earth.
Or shall the promis'd Crown of endless life,
Be judg'd a triffle, and not worth a strife,
That which vain man accounts to be most rare,
Is not obtain'd but with much cost and care,
Things of great worth on Earth are got by pains,
And he who venters nothing, nothing gains.
And shall I then be startled with a frown,
When full assur'd of an Eternal Crown,
The strife which doth an holy life attend,
Will recompenced be I'm sure i' th' end.
I will go on, since Jesus doth invite me,
His strength is mine, and nothing shall affright me,

Apostate,

I do perceive you are resolv'd to run,
In your strict ways until you 're, quite undone.
Yet hear a little what I have to speak,
And you will find 'tis best for you to take,
The Councel which I give; for you'l espy
Great Ruin fall upon you suddenly.
Your father will not own you for his Son,
If in this foolish strictness you'l go on,
His Face expect hereafter not to see,
If this your purpose and your pleasure be.

Profeſſor.

If Father, Mother, and dear Brethren too
Forſake me quite, yet ſtill I well do know
My precious *Saviour* will my Soul embrace,
And I ſhall ſee ſweet ſmiles from his dear face.
My ſelf and my relations all, (though) dear
I do deny, ſuch is the love I bear
To my dear Lord, whoſe Servant now am I,
And do reſolve to be until I die.
Come life, come Death, for *Canaan* I'le endeavor,
It is my home, and reſting place for ever.
Better it is that earthly friends abuſe me,
Than that Chriſt Jeſus ſhould at laſt refuſe me.
I'de rather bear my Fathers wrath and ire,
Than to be caſt into eternal Fire.

Apoſtate.

Fie, fie, young-man, forbear, and take advice,
Let not hot Zeal thy fancy thus intice,
For to refuſe thoſe pleaſant things which you
May hear enjoy, as many others do:
'Tis much too ſoon for thee to mind ſuch things,
For nought but grief and dotage from it ſprings;
'Twill dull thy wit, and make thee like a droan,
And thou'lt be ſlighted too by ev'ry one.
How might'ſt thou live at eaſe, and pleaſure have,
If once theſe ways thou would'ſt reſolve to leave;
And like a Flower, flouriſh in the *Spring*,
And with young Gallants might'ſt rejoyce and ſing,

And

And ſpend thy days in pleaſure ſweet and rare:
I prithy youth conſider, O take care
To chear thy heart; behold now in thy ſight,
What earthly joys moſt ſweetly do invite.

Profeſſor

Young it is true I am, and in my prime,
Therefore reſolve for to improve my time:
The flower of my days doſt think I will
Give to the Devil, luſt for to fulfil?
Shall Satan have the primeſt of my days,
And put off Chriſt with baſe and vile delays,
Until old age, and then at laſt preſent
The dregs of time to him? I'le not conſent
To ſuch vile thoughts, I will not lend an ear,
I to my Saviour more affection bear.
Since firſt of the living Spring my ſoul did drink
All ſinful pleaſures in my Noſe do ſtink.
More precious Joy I find in my dear Lord,
Than all this world doth, yea, or can afford.
If I am ſlighted for Chriſt Jeſus ſake,
And judg'd a Fool or Droan, yet I can take
All for him, who for me hath undergone
More ſhame than this before his work was done.
This is my chooſing time, I have made choice,
Gods Word I will obey, and hear his voice.
Gods Counſel 'tis that firſt of all in youth
I ſhould him ſeek, and cleave unto the Truth.
Your Counſel I abhor; ſhall luſtful fire
Be kindled in my Breſt? ſhall my deſire

Run out again to *Egypts* curſed ſtuff,
I know 'tis nought, of it I have enough.

Apoſtate.

Alas, the journy's long, you'l wearied be,
And faint before that Kingdom you do ſee.

Profeſſor.

Nay Sir, be ſilent, that is falſe, for I
By Faith moſt clearly do the Land eſpie.
But is the Journy long, blame me no more,
Betimes i' th' morning I ſet out therefore.
Why did'ſt thou ſay it was too ſoon for me
For to ſet out? If long the Journy be,
I do reſolve in youth with ſpeed to ſtrive,
Leſt I too late at laſt ſhould there arrive. (mind
While ſtrength and youth doth laſt I'le bend my
To Travel hard, becauſe I clearly find
Old Age, and weary Limbs, quite out of caſe
To go a journy, or to run a Race.
Alas, when night is ready to come in,
That's not a time this Journy to begin,
When Sun and Moon, and Stars all darkned be,
And clouds return, that we no light can ſee.
When rain and tempeſts doth moſt ſore appear,
And the Keepers of the houſe all trembling are:
When the ſtrong men themſelves are forc'd to bow
And grinders ceaſe alſo, becauſe that now
They are but few, and ready to fall out,
And thoſe through windows which do look about

Are

Are become dim, nay darkned without light,
And doors to in the ſtreet are ſhut up quite.
When the low ſound o' th' grinders ſcarcely (heard,
He riſeth up too at the voice o' th' Bird:
And all the Daughters of ſweet Muſick rare,
Are brought too low, don't for ſuch Muſick care.
And fears increaſe in thoughts of what's on high,
Fears in the way, and fears for what is nigh.
When flouriſh ſhall the Almond Tree alſo,
And th' Graſhopper ſhall be a burden too.
When looſed is the precious Silver Cord,
And Golden Bowl is brok'n, as we have heard:
When the weak Pitcher at the Foundtain's broke,
And the Wheel at th' Ciſtern with a heavy ſtroke:
When deſire fails, and there alas is none,
What will ſuch do who han't this Race begun.
Beſides 'tis clear, my days uncertain be,
Old Age alas I may not live to ſee.
Young men are quickly gon, for I behold
Dayly as young as I are turn'd to th' Mould,
My own experience doth diſcover this,
My life a bubble and a Vapor is.
The flower which doth ſpred, and is ſo gay,
Soon may it fade and wither quite away.
If I therefore have ſtill much work to do,
Or as you ſay ſo long away to go.
It doth concern me then, with all my power,
For to improve each day, yea, every hour.

For daies to come I ſee may not be mine,
My time I'le ſpend, not as thou ſpendeſt thine:
My weights I'le caſt away this race to run,
Stand ſtill I muſt not, nor with thee return:
I muſt provide me oil, get Grace in ſtore,
For o're a-while I ſhall be ſeen no more
This ſide the Grave, I haſte therefore to meet
The Glorious Judge at the great Judgment ſeat.
I muſt make haſte, be ſwift, like to the *Sun*,
Leſt that my work's to do when time is done.

Apoſtate

To you, young man, I have declared much
Of the ſad danger, but your Zeal is ſuch,
Nought that I ſay with you takes any place,
You don't believe me, that's the very caſe.
But what's the reaſon, youth, ſo many folk
Decline thoſe paths in which you now do walk?
Were waies of your ſtrict Holineſs ſo ſweet,
They in this ſort would never back retreat;
I did reſolve with others for to try,
And find you all deceived utterly.
Your whole Religion's nought but meer conceit,
Let none therefore thy ſoul with fancies cheat.
Since wiſe men daily do your waies forſake,
Be thou adviſ'd, and other councel take.

Profeſſor.

If thouſands fall away, it is no more
Than what the Scripture ſhews was heretofore.

Thou-

Thouſands of old from *Egypt* did adventure,
And yet but two of them did *Canaan* enter:
They never had of Chriſt a ſaving taſt,
Who quite away their ſeeming hopes do caſt:
Their hearts alas are rotten and unſound
Who in Chriſt Jeſus never ſweetneſs found.
But what of this? Shall I my Lord deny
Becauſe that you ſome Hypocrites eſpy?
Thoſe who do murmur in the Wilderneſs,
The Land of Promiſe never ſhall poſſeſs.
But if they will the precious Lord revoke,
Shall I from thence reſolve to ſlip the yoak?
Becauſe they don't the glorious Lord believe,
Shall *Caleb* think the Land he can't receive?
Becauſe ſo many walk i' th' way to Hell,
Shall I conclude that Heaven don't excel
The vain injoyments of an evil World?
Or ſhall with fancies thus my ſoul be hurl'd?
To think, becauſe that Swine the grains do chuſe,
And Pearls do tread upon, and them refuſe,
There is more worth in thoſe baſe ſtinking grains
Than in thoſe true Pearls which the Merchant gains?
Becauſe theſe ſilly men have loſt their way,
Shall I on purpoſe therefore go aſtray?
Becauſe that *Judas* did for thirty pence
Sell his dear Lord, ſhall I conclude from thence
Peter a fool, who priz'd his favour ſo,
That for his ſake all things did undergo?
If fearful Souldiers baſely quit the field,
Shall valiant Champions therefore ſtraitway yield

Moſt cowardly unto their treacherous foe,
VVhom they aſſured were to overthrow.
If Mariners unskill'd in Navigation
Are ſplit on Rocks, ſhall all then in the Nation
That have that curious Art, reſolve therefore
Never to uſe the Art of Sailing more?
Becauſe the ſluggard ſees the winds do blow,
The rain deſcending with cold hail and ſnow,
He doth give o're, and ſays no longer will
Remain i' th' field his barren Land to till:
Shall faithful Husband-men from the like ground,
VVho have oft-times by good experience found,
VVithout they ſow, no harveſt they can have,
Reſolve the painful labours quite to leave:
He that won't Plow becauſe o'th ſnow or rain,
Shall beg at harveſt, and ſhall naught obtain:
So in like ſort, to mind my preſent caſe,
'Cauſe perſons void of God's true ſaving Grace
Do Poſtatize as you your ſelf have done,
Muſt I to th' Devil with you headlong run?
'Cauſe ſome Profeſſors ſecretly do love
Some baſe corruptions, doth this therefore prove
There's none ſincere for God in all the earth,
VVhoſe ſouls experience do the ſecond birth.
I for my part through Grace have this to ſay,
I never ſhall; nor can I fall away:
All thoſe whom God has unto Jeſus given,
They never can be diſpoſſeſs'd of Heaven;
The Promiſe of Eternal Life is theirs,
And they like *Iſaac*, even ſo are heirs,

VVho

VVho could not miſs, nor diſpoſſeſſed be,
Unleſs God's VVord's made a meer Unlitie:
God's Covenant alſo with Chriſt doth ſtand,
VVho can ſupply our wants on ev'ry hand.
Sin ſhall not reign ſuch is our happy caſe,
VVe are not under th' *Law*, but under *Grace*
This Covenant is not like to the old,
VVe of a ſure perſon now have hold.
VVe ſtand not now as *Adam* did 'tis plain,
God never will truſt that old man again.
Our credit's nothing worth, our Surety
Is in our room, our wants he muſt ſupply,
Beſides all this, I'le hint another think,
VVhich to my ſoul doth much refreſhment bring:
He that's the Author of my Faith, I ſpy,
VVill finiſh it himſelf aſſuredly.
He that in me has a good work begun,
VVill perfect it alſo e're he has done.
VVithin God's Saints Eternal Life doth dwell.
This would remove the doubt, conſidered well.
Thoſe unto whom Eternal Life is given,
How can it be that ſuch ſhould miſs of Heaven?
And now to breviate, 'tis my intent,
Sir, if you pleaſe, to frame one Argument:
It the new creature in the ſouls of men
Is of God's Spirit born, I argue then,
The ſame in nature it be-ſure muſt be,
VVhich cannot death, or like mutation ſee,
But that 'tis of God's Spirit born, is clear,
As *John* the Third doth make moſt plain appear.

The

The ſeed alſo doth in their ſouls remain,
They cannot ſin to death who're born again;
God's fear moreover is ſo in their heart,
That they from him ſhall never more depart.
Thus is my ſtanding very firm and ſure,
And to the end I know I ſhall endure:
And as for thoſe who fall away and dye,
I ſhall diſcover clearly by and by
What kind of men and women they are all
Which will hold forth the cauſe too of their fall.

Apoſtate.

Moſt confident, I do perceive you are
Danted at nothing, yet pray let me hear
Thoſe perſons Names which you did laſtly meet,
Who finally reſolve for to retreat, (mend;
And leave thoſe paths which you ſeeem to com-
Come, ſpeak to this and we will make an end.

Profeſſor.

Sir, unto me it doth moſt plain appear
As if they cowards and faint-hearted were:
Under their tongues alſo cloſe ſecretly,
Some pleaſant morſels I am ſure do lie;
And in them all doth reign ſome curſed evil,
Which makes them to conform unto the Devil.

Apoſtate.

As you ſuppoſe, but pray, youth, have a care,
For they ſincere and ſober people are.

And

And I do queſtion whether yea or nay
Thou do'ſt them know, what further ha'ſt to ſay?

Profeſſor

I told you, Sir, I knew them very well,
And ſince you urge me, I reſolve to tell
What kind of folk they are, and alſo ſhall
Their names diſcover unto great and ſmall;
Maſter *Fearful* was one that I did ſee,
With him was goodly *Senſuality*.
With Dame *Misbelief*, and Goodman *Outſide*
Who turn'd from Chriſt as ſoon as they were try'd
One *Unbelief*, a very wicked man;
Turn him out of his way, there's no man can:
Beſides them alſo, there's one *Earthly heart*
Who loves nothing ſo well as Plow and Cart:
Alſo there's *Eſau Faint-heart*, moſt profane,
That ſells his Birth-right Pottage to obtain;
With *Belly-god*, a man that I do find,
Fleſh-pots and Onions chiefly he doth mind.
There's Miſtreſs *Diſcontent* too with the reſt,
Who would have nought but what ſhe liketh beſt.
Maſter *Hot love ſoon cold* alſo was there,
Lately for Zeal, with him few could compare.
There's *Iſhmael legal heart*, in truth alſo,
When troubles riſe, he ſtrait away doth go
With Maſter *Balaam*, who doth Jeſus leave
The wages of unrighteouſneſs to have:
Some people alſo I have lately met,
Who were with ſin moſt eaſily beſet:

And

And divers heavy weights alſo they bore,
Which wearied them, and made them to give o're.
A Gentleman I alſo did behold,
Whoſe Trade was great, and ſtore he had of gold.
He's going back with ſorrow I do know,
Becauſe he can't have Chriſt and th' World too.
One Maſter *Atheiſt*, that I think his name
As like your ſelf as if he were the ſame;
He's fallen back ſo far, and turn'd aſide,
That at Religion he doth much deride:
He thinks Religion's but a fooliſh thing,
Which doth no comfort, nor no profit bring.
This is too true, you alſo are the man
To clear your ſelf, deny it if you can,
No marvel 'tis you play the Devil's part,
In labouring thus for to deceive my heart,
And blind mine eyes if that thou kneweſt how,
Thou'dſt make me like thy ſelf, and therefore now
I am reſolv'd with you for to ingage,
VVho ſtriv'ſt to ſtop me in my Pilgrimage:
A foe more vile than you, what ſoul can meet?
I'le therefore bring you down unto my feet.
Some ſtones I think to fetch out of God's book,
Though like *Goliah* you do ſeem to look,
Yet in his Name, whom you ſo much defie,
I ſhall prevail againſt you by and by.
I thought I muſt confeſs ſome years ago,
I ſhould not in the leaſt been ſtopt by you;
Or that *I* ſhould have met with oppoſition
VVith ſuch a foe to add to my affliction.

But

But ſince this is my ſad unhappy fate,
I'le add a line or two to vindicate
The Dreadful God, ſo far as lies in me,
I'le vindicate that Glorious Deity;
VVho in my ſoul his Image ſo has ſet,
That I his Glorious Being can't forget.
Shall he which form'd both Heaven, and the Earth,
From whom I have my precious life and birth
Be trod upon, nay, utterly deni'd?
What ſoul can ſuch a ſinful wretch abide!
Who ſtrives at once, if that you could it do,
The life of all Religion to o're-throw.
Haſt thou ought to ſpeak, and wilt thou enter
On the debate, yea, durſt thou adventur
To o'pe thy mouth i' th' leaſt for to defend
Thoſe thoughts of thine, which clearly do deſcend
From Hell beneath, thou'lt prove thy ſelf thereby
The Devil's Friend, *Jehovah*'s Enemy.

Apoſtate.

Thou childiſh lad, do'ſt think I am afraid
For to declare my ſelf, or am diſmaid
By ſilly dreams and fancies, which affright
Thoſe ſimple ones who dare not walk i' th' night;
VVho ſtartle at the ſhadow which they ſee,
And think the Devil's near, when 'tis a tree:
And ſince I do perceive you underſtand
VVhat my opinion is, I do demand
How you can prove, and fully make appear
There is a God; for none at all I fear.

No

No God nor Devil I at all believe,
Nor is there any Heaven to receive
The ſouls of Holy Men when they do die;
Nor is there any Hell of Miſery
For ſinners after death, as you conceit,
All is nought elſe ſave a Religious cheat.

Profeſſor

Dare you your Maker thus with impudence
Deny, and tread upon? ſuch inſolence
What Soul can bear! what Age can ſhew the like,
VVhere ſo much light has been! ſhall Mortals
At the Great God, and Glorious Deity? (ſtrike
VVhoſe dreadful Being and Exiſtency
The Heathens did find out, and greatly fear;
His Godhead did to them moſt plain appear
By the Creation, Man, as in a Glaſs
May there behold who his Creator was.
'Tis time to arm my ſelf, and look about,
VVhen by an Atheiſt I am challeng'd out:
VVhen th' whole of all Religion lies at ſtake,
'Tis time to rouſe, and alſo for to ſhake
Off ſloth and idleneſs, and to ingage
VVith ſuch a foe in this my pilgrimage.
If once I ſhould unto an Atheiſt yield,
And treacherouſly alſo acquit the Field:
The ſtrongeſt hold of Truth betray ſhould I
Into the hands of its worſt enemy:
And ſhould unman my ſelf of Chriſtian too,
And my dear ſoul of reaſon overthrow.

I ſhould

I ſhould bebaſe my ſelf, ſhould I deny
My Noble Birth from the great Deity.
Man's chiefeſt glory ſprings from's Supream Head,
In his deſcent from him, who made and bred,
And brought him forth, and doth his life maintain,
From hence man doth his greateſt honor gain.
'Tis power Divine that man doth greaten thus,
As to make him King of the Univerſe.
VVho e're diſowns his bleſſed Pedigree,
Doth prove himſelf unnatural for to be.
For man to ſay he came by hap or chance,
As 'tis a peice of wilful Ignorance,
Himſelf alſo he doth depoſe thereby,
From his own honour and rare dignity ;
And vile contempt upon himſelf doth bring,
As well as dirt upon that Eſſence fling.
VVho form'd his Soul, and gave to him his breath,
And made him Ruler here upon the Earth.
But to proceed, and lend my helping hand,
In the defence of Sacred truth to ſtand,
And vindicate my great Creators cauſe
By Natures light, and alſo by thoſe Laws
VVhich ſupernat'ral are, and moſt Divine,
VVhoſe light excells, yea, and whoſe glories ſhine.
You ask me how I can make it appear,
There is a God, attend and now give ear,
And weigh my arguments and reaſons ſound,
And let not Satan more your Soul confound,
And Reaſon quite deſtroy as he has done,
Leaſt to the Devil you do headlong run.

Apoſtate.

Apostate.

Before you do proceed, this you must know,
If you a God do think to prove or show,
Be sure of this, young man, it must not be
By Scripture proof, for its Authority
I do deny, and cannot it believe,
You never shall that way my heart deceive:
The knowledge which you supernatural call,
Is a mear cheat, I mind it not at all.

Professor.

Though supernatural knowledge you despise,
And count Gods holy Word to be but lies.
I briefly shall stand up in its defence,
And shew you Pride and cursed Insolence.
That all may love Gods Word, prize it, and see
Its worth and weight, and its Authoritie
To be Divine, and by *Jehovah* given
To lead poor Souls in the right way to Heaven:
One thing of you i' th' first place I demand,
Pray let me know, and fully understand
When this supposed Cheat did first commence,
And in what part o' th' world bring evidence.
Egypt stands mute, saith it commenc'd not hear,
Nor did the *Jews* invent it, that's as clear.
Ask all the Heathens too in every age,
If their Philosophers brought 't on the Stage.
If you can find it out, pray bring it to light,
Or else confess your darkness worse then night.

'Tis

'Tis ſtrange that ſuch an univerſal cheat
Should thus be put upon the VVorld, and yet
No one can ſhew who did the ſame deviſe,
Nor how, nor when the ſame at firſt did riſe:
Since all the world ſtands ſilent, and is mute,
This might a period put to the Diſpute.
But ſecondly, I argue once again,
There's none of them who do ſo much diſdain
The Holy *Scriptures*, who juſt proof could bring
To ſhew i' th' leaſt they were a forged thing:
If none can them diſprove, O then ſay *I*,
VVhat ground have you the *Scripture* to deny?
The *Scriptures* alſo, *I* obſerve, have been
Strangely preſerved by a pow'r unſeen:
In every Age, kept both in word and ſence
From ſecret fraud, and open violence,
Againſt the num'rous Armies of all thoſe
That were both ſecret, yea, and open foes.
No wicked or malicious men could ever
Subvert the *Scripture*, thou they did indeavour:
The beaſtly Clergy of the Church of *Rome*,
Thorough whoſe hands, to us, the *Scriptures* comes;
Though guilty of moſt vile abomination
As ever was committed in a Nation.
Their curſed ſins are hateful to relate,
VVhich they committed, and did tolerate:
And that they might more freely do the ſame,
And to be kept from ſad reproach and ſhame:
They ſay the Pope himſelf may change the Laws
Of th' Holy Goſpel, as himſelf ſees Cauſe;

And make the sence of Scriptures to agree
VVith time and place, as he most fit doth see.
How free those Sacrilegious Monsters were,
(Had God admitted) to extinguished clear
The Sacred Scripture, and put out their light,
And fill'd the world with an eternal night.
But we may see although it made it's way
Thorough those muddy Chanels, yet have they
Been still kept pure, and still remain a Law
To keep most men save *Bloody* Popes in awe.
Now if against so many Enemies,
Who us'd all means that Devils devise
T' obliterate that Soul-informing VVord,
It was preserv'd, and not by human Sword.
How dare you Sir presume for to deny
Its Blessed and Divine Authority?
Another ground or reason I shall urge,
Which proves Gods Word Divine as I do judge.
'Tis taken from that influence they have
Upon their hearts whom God intends to save:
It turns them from those cursed ways of sin,
VVhich once they loved and delighted in.
It brings them out of darkness into light,
Yea, and discovers Jesus to their sight,
Filling their Souls with inward life and peace,
And precious joy, the which shall never cease.
The glorious Power which God did afford
Always to those who stood up for his VVord
Most clearly shews, Methinks, to every eye
The Scriptures true, and their Authority.

To be Divine, what ever you may say,
I cannot give this Argument away.
How have they been supported in the flames,
VVnich as it did perpetuate their Names:
So God thereby did stir up ten for one,
To stand up for his VVord when they were gone.
Ah! how did they rejoyce Sir in the fire,
VVhich made their very Enemies admire.
VVouldst thou one instance have, I could give two,
And ten times twenty more if that would do.
But if I should, I am sure I should transgress,
And over-charge th' Appendix and the Press.
And therefore I will add one reason more
To prove Gods VVords Divine, and so give o're.
How has the Scripture made the Atheist quake,
And all his limbs with dreadful horror shake!
VVhen on a death Bed they have come to lie,
Their Conscience waking in their face did fly.
Though in their health they did it much despise,
And did affirm it was made up with lies.
Yet has it made them howl at last and cry,
VVe are undone to all Eternity.
'Twas like unto the writing on the VVall,
VVhich did foretell prophane *Belshazar's* fall.
VVhich was so terrible, yea, and so strange,
It wrought amongst them a most sudden change.
Their Mirth and Jo'ity doth now expire,
And the proud King doth earnestly desire
To hear it read, nought then would serve the turn
But an Interpreter: his heart did burn,

His trembling Knees ſmote one againſt another,
As if his Joynts were looſed from each other.
Thus thoſe that won't confeſs *Jehovah's* Name,
Are forc'd to own him to their utter ſhame.
And thoſe who will not of Gods Words allow,
Are forc'd by Conſcience under it to bow.
Theſe being weigh'd, may make you quite give o're,
Yea, and Gods Word thus to oppoſe no more,
Now if the Scripture cannot be gain-ſaid,
Methinks each Soul ſhould be exceeding fraid
How they contemn that glor'ous Deity,
Whom they ſo clearly ſhew and magnifie.
But to leave this a little and deſcend
To mans own reaſon which you ſo commend.
How many Heathens did alone thereby,
Find out (dear Sir) Gods glorious Majeſty.
If you your Reaſon did but exerciſe,
From Atheiſm doubtleſs you ſoon might riſe,
And hate alſo this Soul-deſtroying evil,
Thus ſiding with, and yielding to the Devil.

Apoſtate.

Amongſt the Heathens (youth) were men of fame
Who for their skill in Nature had the name
Above all others, which did quite deny
There was a God or ſuch a Deity.

Profeſſor.

Your *Epicurus*, and old *Ariſtotle*,
With *Theodorus*, *Bion*, and the Rabble,

And ſuch like Atheiſts I muſt grant to you
Deny'd there was a God as *Stories* ſhew.
Philoſophy is good, but men abuſe it,
VVhen they, like thoſe old Heathen Authors uſe it,
God doth ſometimes mens reaſon darken quite
For not improving of the means of light.
To vile affections up God doth them give,
Becauſe on earth, like Brutes they ſeem to live.
But though theſe natural Sots could not eſpy
By all their skill th' eternal Deity,
Yet many thouſand Heathens I might ſhow,
By Natures light alone did come to know
There was a God, they ſearched ſo about
Into Gods works, they found his God-head out.
For when they gave themſelves up ſeriouſly
To ſtudy Natures Book, and come to pry
Into the cauſe of all thing here on earth,
And their effects, did clearly ſee the birth
Or firſt Original of every thing,
From ſuch an Eſſence to deſcend or ſpring.
The very Novices in Natures School,
May ſoon convince that man to be a Fool,
VVho by the Creatures glory can't diſcern
The Being of that dreadful Soveraign
VVho did them form and make, for every where
His glorious God-head they to all declare.
Had I but time, I could ſome pages fill,
To ſhew to you how that mans reaſon will
Teach him there is a God, for if he mind
The Nature of his Soul, this he might find,

Man's

Man's ſoul is like a ſpring, or like to fire,
It reſteth not aloft, it doth aſpire,
And unto *Noah's* Dove, I'le it compare,
God is the Ark, ſouls reſt alone is there.
The fleſh dams up the ſpring, quenches deſire,
Keeps out of th' Ark to whom it would retire:
Since I peeree mans ſoul doth ſearch about
To find ſome higher good and Being out;
Which doth excel all things which are below,
This doth to us God's glorious being ſhow.
But to conclude this, no man can diſown,
God by his judgments daily is made known.
What ſad example daily do we hear
Of Wrath and Vengeance almoſt every where?
Some Drunkards and Blaſphemers ſtruck down dead
And others with ſtrange Judgments tortured.
Some have preſum'd the Holy God to dare,
VVhom he would not one little minute ſpare,
If this will not convince you of your error,
I fear you will e're long fall under terror;
For if you will not now example take,
God may of you a ſad example make.
Your ſtate alas, above all men is ſad,
Becauſe of God you once ſuch knowledge had,
And of his waies, which now you loath and hate;
O Sir, conſider this your woful ſtate;
And cry to God, if peradventure He
May give you Grace, whereby your ſoul may ſee
Your hainous ſin, that ſo you may repent,
And turn to God before your daies are ſpent.

Apostate.

I must confess I know not what to say,
If there's a God, then curst be the day
That ever I was born, for I do know
He never unto me will mercy shew:
I now resolve to open my condition,
Though all's in vain; for there is no contrition
Will do me good, I utterly am lost;
For I have sinn'd against the Holy Ghost:
I wilfully have sinn'd, and there remains
Nothing for me but everlasting pains.
O that there were no God, for then should I
Be like the Beast when e're I come to die.
For love o' th' World, and for my present ease
I am become like to the troubled Seas.
No rest nor comfort ever shall I find,
Curs'd be the day that ever I declin'd (go
From these good waies in which dear youth you
Or ever I did God or Jesus know:
For if I had not known them, it is clear
My sin would not so hainous now appear:
My Conscience doth prick me to the heart,
I never shall be eased of this smart.
Oh that I were in Hell! for then should I
Soon see the worst of my extremity.
Thou shalt, dear youth, for every happy be,
For thou art chosen from Eternity.
To be an heir of Eternal Blifs;
But I alas am damn'd! what woe like this?

The

The Devil with his gliſt'ring golden ball
Hath me deceiv'd, and now I ſee my fall
To be ſo bad, no tongue can it expreſs,
My woful pain is quite remedileſs.
The checks of Conſcience I did greatly ſlight,
And loved darkneſs greatly, hated light:
Yea, and of good I never lov'd to hear,
Though I of him had hints oft-times moſt clear;
And now will he my ſoul to pieces tear,
And make me his Eternal Vengeance bear.
Let all back-ſliders of me warning take
Before they fall into the *Strygian-Lake*;
Yea, and return, and make with God their peace
Before the daies of Grace and Mercy ceaſe;
For mine are paſt for ever, oh! condole
My ſad eſtate, and miſerable ſoul.
My daies will quickly end, and I muſt lie
Broyling in flames to all Eternity.

FINIS.

The Stationer's Armes.